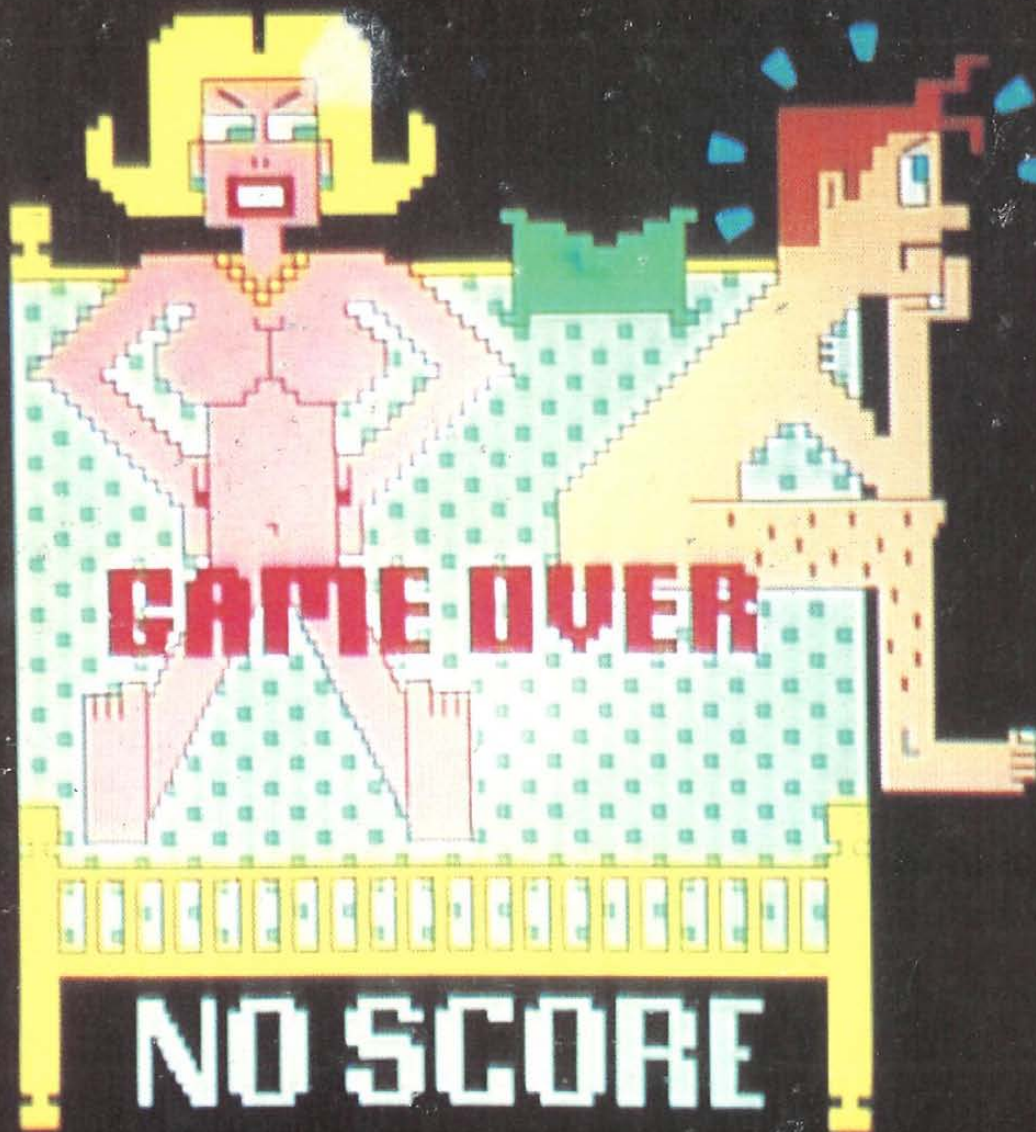


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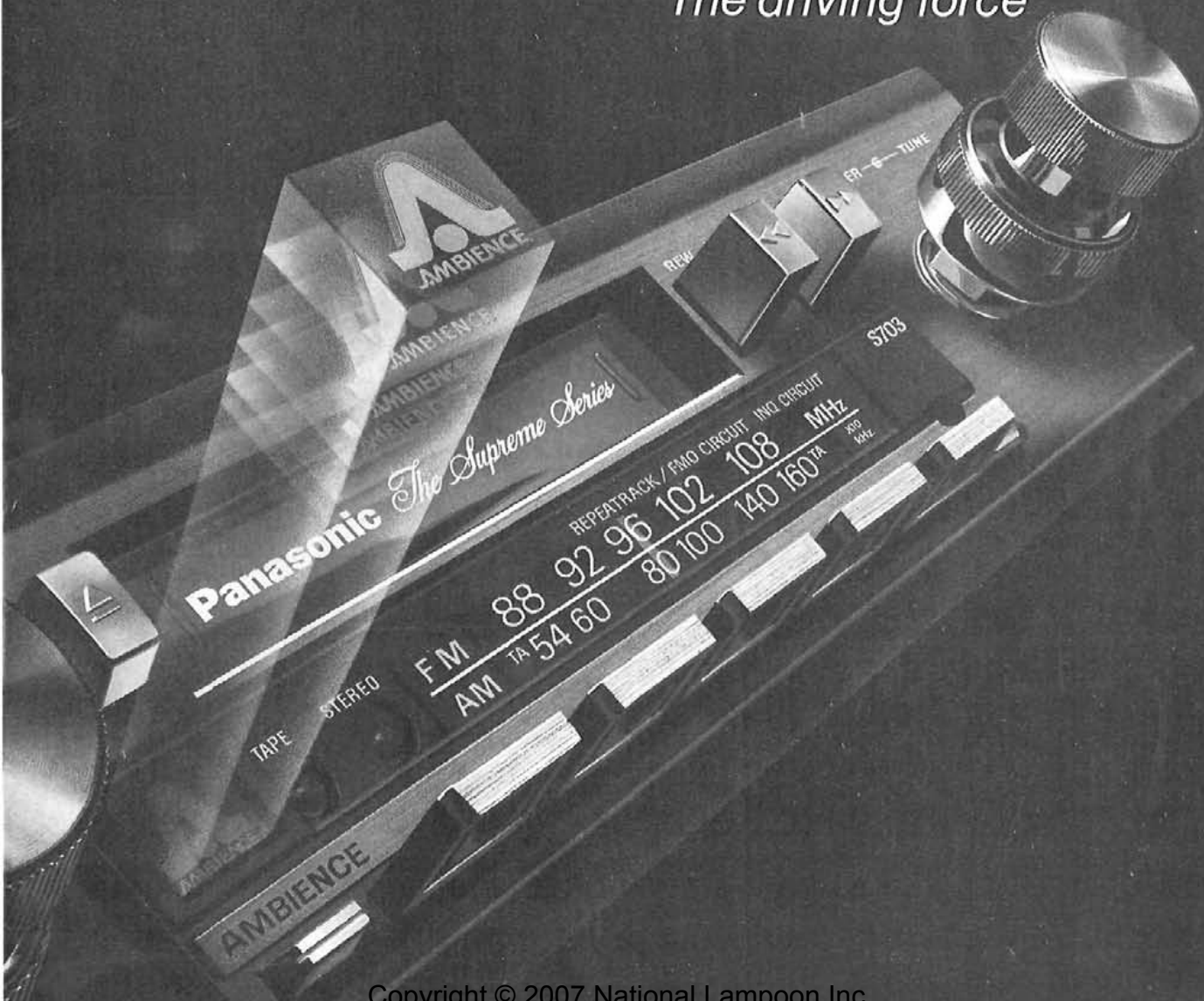
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Vol. 2, No. 64

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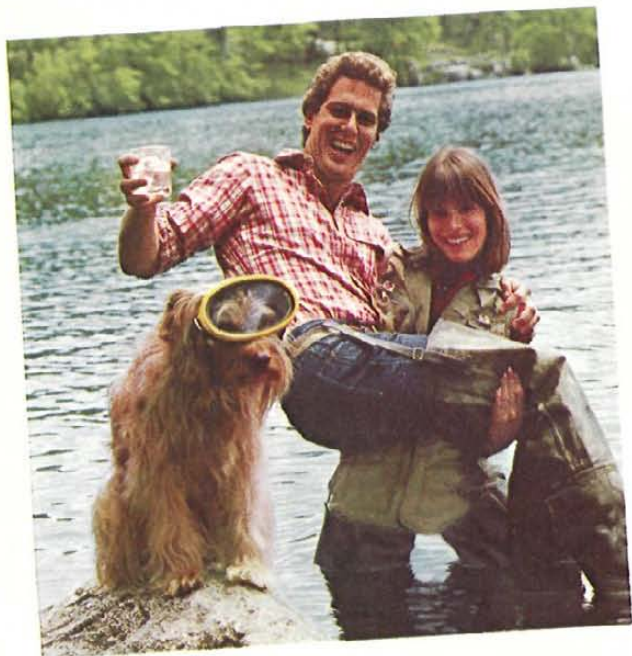


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# How to land a 165lb. hunk without hook, line or sinker.



When stalking the masculinus homosapius, the lure is everything. And as most fishing aficionados know, DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps is just what the angler ordered.

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Peppermint Schnapps, 60 Proof, John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, Ohio

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# editorail

**I** WISH YOU COULD SEE THE ENORMOUS smile on my face right now. I'm so excited I can hardly word process—my eyes keep drifting away from the terminal and over to the trophy wall, where there's a shiny, spanking-new addition. Would I be accused of blowing my own horn if I took this opportunity to announce that *National Lampoon* has won the Philip Roth Distinguished Service Award from NASBO, the National Association of Sperm Bank Operators?

It went something like this: early in August I got a call from NASBO's Awards Committee, informing me that we were among the finalists in this year's competition. The other contenders were *Penthouse*, *Screw*, and a publication I was not familiar with, *Pre-Teen Pink*. The judging process included a statement of purpose from each publication, they told me, and I had a week to send them my *curriculum viscus*.

Well, the Plunk is no fool, and if there's one thing I learned in my years as a grad student, it's how to lobby for an honorarium. The precise wording of the Roth Award was burned into my memory from past years as an also-ran: "...in recognition of outstanding editorial direction and contribution to-

ward the fostering of unaccompanied tumescence and/or ejaculation." The best defense is a good offense, I decided, and set about my task.

"...*Penthouse*," I wrote the judges, "cannot be faulted in the tumescence-fostering department. But what good is tumescence when the unsuspecting reader turns the page only to discover the depressing and deflating Vietnam Veterans Adviser, as certain an impediment to ejaculation as any article in *The Nation*?"

"Furthermore, the inclusion of *Screw* in this list of periodicals seems quite inappropriate. Not only is this 'magazine' printed on the worst kind of cheap, smudged, ink-on-your-hands pulp paper, but its publisher's obsession with the First Amendment has a disturbing tendency to cause his readers to think—again, tumescence is the loser here.

"As to *Pre-Teen Pink*—I grant you, when you have sex with young girls, you're really hitting. Yet is it proper for a man about to embark upon a project that may result in five, ten, even a thousand births of female babies, to do so whilst fantasizing over child-women not much older? I believe you're as aware as I am of the genetic repercussions of such interbreeding.

"Clearly, gentlemen, the choice should be, must be, can only be *National Lampoon*. Devoid of advice for the maladjusted, free from worry over the decay of the Constitution, devoted only to pictures of and prose about the willing bachelorettes of this great nation, the *National Lampoon* stands alone as a beacon of onanism. You have only to purchase and read a single issue to make this decision. Enclosed is a thousand-dollar check payable to Cash to enable you to do so."

There isn't the space here to describe the judges' second phone call, the trip to NASBO's annual convention at Hilton Head, the heady triumph of the acceptance speech. To sum up: the board of directors here have another distinguished honor under their collective belt. You, the reader, have a share in the quiet pride that has come to be the hallmark of *National Lampoon*. And me? Me? Why, I thought you knew—I'm L. Dennis Plunkett. ■

**Cover:** BLIP Boop-Boop-zzLp! Bapalalaplalplap TWEEEE! Bip.Bip.Bip. DOOT! humpahumpa HumpAHUMPAHUMPA...HUMP...HUMP...HUMPA HUMPATHUMPHUMP KATHUMP! BING BING BING TWEEEEEE BIP GAME OVER Congratulations You Are I High Scorer On This Machine Please Enter Name: R-O-N-B-A-R-R-E-T-T GoodGameRon.-MG\*

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# These instructions could save your life.



Phasers are armed and ready for constant fire. They are the only weapon effective against the mighty Nomad.

Impulse engines let you maneuver the Enterprise through minefields and enemy ships.

Warp speed will get you out of tight situations fast. And it's about the only way you can get close enough to fight Nomad.

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A photon torpedo can take out a cluster of Klingons. But they're in short supply, so don't waste 'em.



Read this page very carefully before you play Star Trek Strategic Operations Simulator, the home video game that's so fast, so challenging, it comes with its own Combat Control Panel.

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The Arcade Winners.



**S**IRS: IN THE MIDDLE PLEISTOCENE, when *Australopithecus* first came down out of the trees to forage on the broad savanna, there were those of us here who said it was a big mistake. Not only that, we were willing to put our money where our multiple mouths were. So we just wanted you all to know that if you go and blow yourselves up, some of us here stand to pocket a Kelvanian kilocredit or two.

Gambling Aliens from Space  
*A planet beyond the moon*

Sirs:

Q: What weighs 250 pounds and swims in San Francisco Bay?

A: Moby Dyke.

Dianne Feinstein  
*San Francisco, Calif.*

Sirs:

Say, over there, isn't that a prominent local politician and his best friend's wife? They're having a drink together! Hold on, don't run off! See that woman and the little boy with her? That's our former Sunday school teacher. The child is hers, all right—born out of wedlock! No, no, wait a second! There's the judge's wife. See the pills she's taking? You don't understand; they're tranquilizers! Yeah, sure, I understand. You've got a bus to catch, right? Oh ho! There we go! See that handsome young couple? The former Homecoming Queen and her husband, Mr. Former All-round El Jocko? Now don't you dare spread a word of this to anyone, okay? Well, he's, he's... sexually inept! Huh? Where are you going? Oh, Christ, please don't leave! It's so damned lonely here! Wait, I forgot! I've got a drinking problem and a horrible secret...

Peyton Place People  
*A long time ago  
in a galaxy far, far away*

Sirs:

The flood of illegal aliens from Switzerland has reached epidemic proportions. Sneaking across borders in

airplanes, they arrive stateside offering to fix watches at half the going rate, or asking senior citizens how they'd like a chocolate patch in their backyard "for the grandchildren." A clean but tricky race; beware.

Immigration Department  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

Please stop sending that old man with the beak nose down here. Send Loni Anderson or that bitch on *Dynasty*.

Moray Eel  
*The depths of the Pacific*

Sirs:

We tennis umpires are tired of getting abused for our calls, so we're fighting back. From now on, when a player makes a stupid shot, we're going to scream at him. Things like "Why didn't you hit it down the line, you asshole!" and "Why don't you quit this game, you shithead!" Let's find out how much those spoiled brats enjoy that.

Tennis Umpires Assn.  
*Pissed*

Sirs:

Everyone pronounced it all wrong. It was "Fandid Famera," damn it! And it was the fustest, fraziest, and most fandid show ever on television!!!

Allen Funt  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sirs:

People call me a bad guy, caring about money and nothing else. But I just want to improve the game of football. So I've proposed a new rules change to make the game more exciting: instead of footballs, we should use *human babies*. We'd get much bigger ratings, and people would pay thirty or forty bucks just to see the fumbles. Of course, it would be a complicated new rule. A kicker would have to get the whole body over the goalposts for a field goal, not just a limb or two. And a quarterback would have to throw the whole body, not just the head, when he made a pass.

We have to choose the right babies, though. Black babies would be more aerodynamic than white babies, and none of them should weigh so much that Ray Guy couldn't boot them forty or fifty yards in the air before they bounced. Also, the babies' swaddling clothes would have to be tight so you could get a good grip, but their clothes shouldn't be too tight—we wouldn't want it to be uncomfortable for them.

Al Davis  
*Oakland and Los Angeles*

Sirs:

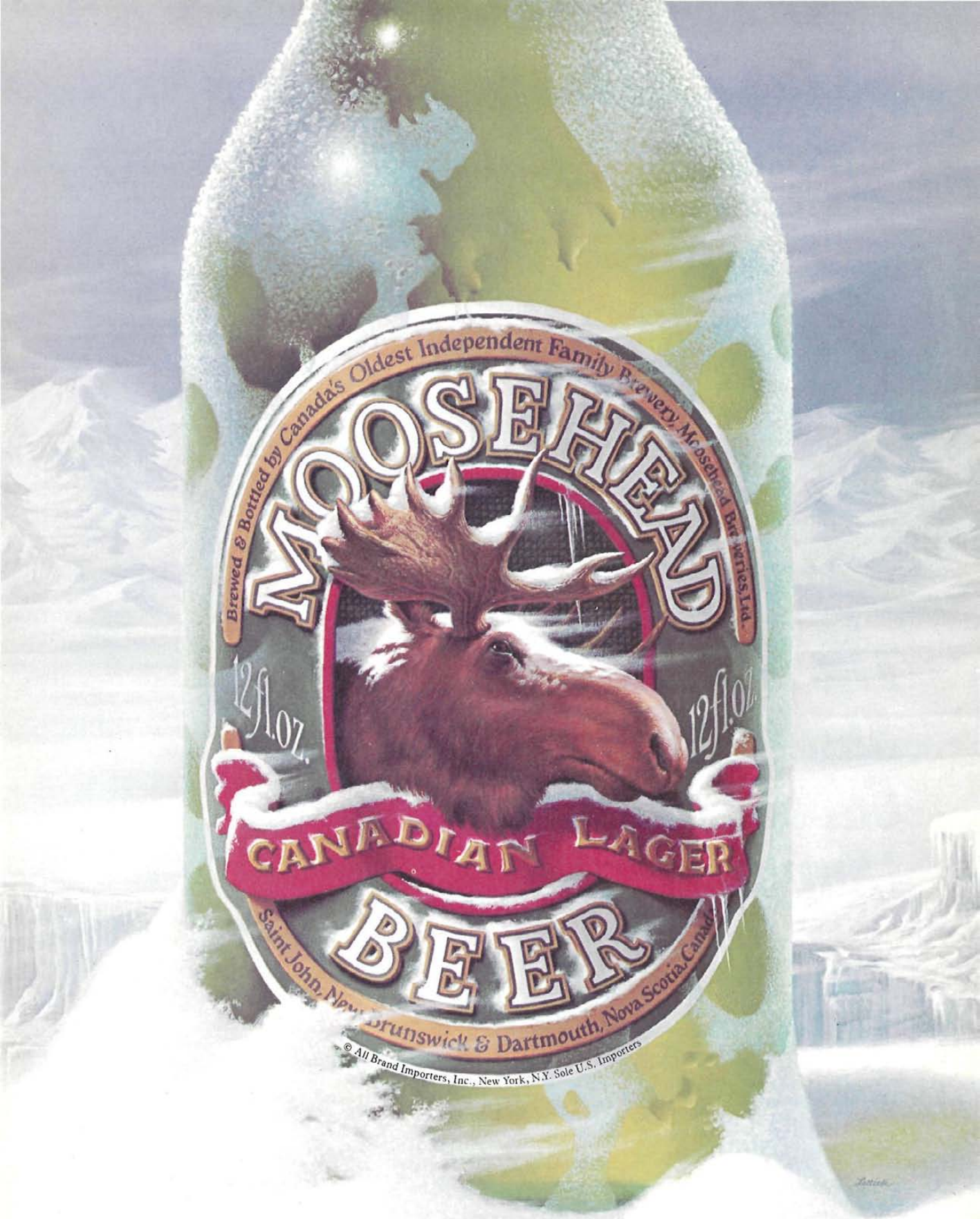
Please—refer to them as helicopters.

John Landis  
*Tinseltown*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)





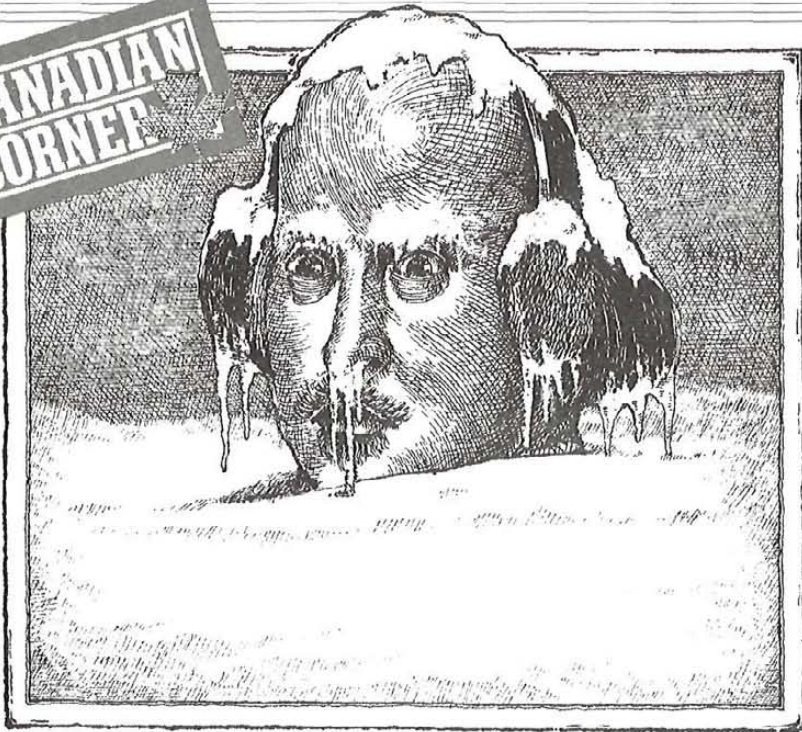


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CANADIAN  
CORNER



Still the definitive survey of who's who and what's what, Canadian culture-wise.

# *The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature (Supplement)*

BY BRIAN SHEIN AND SEAN KELLY

**U**NTIL WE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING—unpleasant or otherwise—to say about Margaret Laurence, this is the penultimate chapter of our encyclopedic overview of Canadian Literature. Both of our Canadian readers, one of whom is Brian Shein, author of three-quarters of the text below, demanded that it be run. Okay, you guys. Now, let's not talk about it anymore, all right?

**Buchan, John (1875–1940)** Known to historian-connoisseurs of the spy thriller as the inventor of the genre (he wrote *The Thirty-nine Steps* way back in 1915), Buchan established the

xenophobic-paranoid-yellow-peril-fearing, international-intrigue-conspiracy-against-which-the-resourceful-hero-is-pitted sort of story that has since made many paperback hacks and movie moguls very wealthy indeed. But to Canadians he is better known as Baron Tweedsmuir, by which title he served as governor general of the Dominion from 1935 until his death. The baron's influence on Canadian policy, foreign and domestic, can still be felt every time a Paki is pushed in front of a Toronto subway. 🚗 🚗

**Buell, John (1932– )** Back in the early sixties, this unassuming college professor from Montreal published a

pair of slim thrillers, *The Pyx* and *Four Days*, which were undistinguished save for a pale Greene undertone of Roman Catholic metaphysics. Yet at that very moment, Edmund "Bunny" Wilson, ponderous pundit of *The New Yorker*, was preparing a broad, sweeping, unsightful discovery of Canadian Kultur for said mag, and chanced upon Professor Buell's meager *oeuvre*. He decided that therein lay the future of Can. Lit., Lit. in general, and perhaps, not to put too fine a point on it, the Western Humanist Tradition. To his credit, Professor Buell transferred out of the English department and now teaches video, or something. Edmund Wilson is dead. 🚗 🚗 † †


**Hood, Hugh (1928– )** Hood is an acknowledged master of the short story, a form that—with its understated opening, modest narration, and muted ending—represents the apex of Canadian self-expression. His fiction is certifiably real by the most rigorous government-inspected standards: ye wouldna try tae pull th' wool over our eyes, would ye, Hugh? Asked to rewrite *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, Hood would cut the airborne sleigh and descent by chimney, throw in a few well-researched pages on toy production under polar conditions, and compare St. Nick's pipe with other period smoking devices. Not allowing his chosen form to limit his ambition, Hood is now writing the world's longest short story, several volumes of which have already been published.

Hugh has the largest collection of baseball mitts and the worst pitching, catching, and batting arm in the British Commonwealth. 🧤 🧤 🧤 🧤

**Klein, A.M. (1909–1972)** An appealingly tragicomic Everyman, a wanderer braving the shoals and reefs of Montreal in search of a homeland, Mr. Abraham Klein was buffeted by the Aeolian winds of liquor king Sam Bronfman, for whom he was official speechwriter; outwitted the Cyclops of anti-Semitism with *The Hitleriad*, *Hath Not a Jew...* and other poems; ignored the siren song of assimilation; steered a clear course between the Scylla and Charybdis of French and Anglo cultures; entered the witches' den of Zionism with his cunning novel *The Second Scroll*; and then, embarked on a Talmudically exhaustive study of James Joyce, ran aground and was last seen looking for No. 7 Eccles Street just off St. Urbain.

What phenomenon accounted for this directional agnosia?

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*Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink that stands apart.*

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Was another hyperborean voice to be prematurely silent?

Yet another. 🐉🐉🐉🐉🐉

**Mandel, Eli (1922– )** A walking anthology of modern poetry and criticism, Mandel teaches what he reads, writes what he teaches, reads what he writes, and then writes what he teaches about what he read that he wrote. He does this where he lives, which is wherever he happens to be teaching, reading, and writing. He calls this having a sense of place. 🐉🐉

**Mitchell, W.O. (b. a long time ago)** Mitchell is best known for his novel *Who Has Seen the Wind*, one of the many works about sensitive adolescents that crowd across the face of Canadian letters like clusters of ripe white-headed zits ready to pop at any moment against the mirror of Art. Set on the prairies, where the wind is neither more nor less visible than anywhere else, the novel might be compared to *Huckleberry Finn* or *Oliver Twist* but without the grinding social conditions, surrounding human viciousness, and mortal danger against which those fictional heroes could measure their wit, resourcefulness, and dignity. Mitchell's writing subsequently stepped spryly around adulthood and settled its bones into that other Canadian archetype, the canny old geezer, a character that he imperso-

nates to perfection: his most recent plays are models of geriatric content wedded to a style of baroque senility. He is regarded with great affection, particularly by clubwomen who press him to autograph copies of *Wind*, although some women are puzzled to discover that Margaret Mitchell looks like a silver-mustached patriarch who hasn't the slightest idea why Rhett said he didn't give a damn. 🐉🐉

**Nelligan, Émile (1882–1941)** The Arthur Rimbaud of Quebec, Nelligan nevertheless avoided deranging his senses with alcohol, drugs, and debauchery and contented himself with deranging his hair. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty he composed all of his remarkable *Poésies Complètes*—in which he lamented the precocious loss of both childhood and adulthood—and then spent the considerable remainder of his life in legendary silence and self-imposed exile far from the reaches of the civilized world. In Nelligan's case this proved to be a series of dingy nun-infested Montreal asylums where conditions were somewhat harsher than in Rimbaud's Africa and from which the occasional explorer would return to report a glimpse of the poet trundling a laundry basket or patiently growing a mustache. 🐉🐉🐉🐉🐉

**Newlove, John (1938– )** Time has been running out for John since around

1938. He was observed at a recent poetry reading as, without a pause, he cupped hand to mouth, hacked once, and then carelessly deposited the pitted stump of a tooth, trailing its nicotine- and whiskey-thickened cords of sputum, into a shirt pocket: either a serendipitous commentary on the poem he was reading or in fact its next line. Like several hundred others, Newlove is one of Canada's more (but not most) significant leading major poets of his generation. 🐉

**Pickthall, Marjorie (1883–1922)** British-born poet, fiction writer, and tragically short liver, now chiefly appreciated for the piquant sensation derived from pronouncing her last name. A friend of hers recalled: "She disliked crowds, and especially Canadian crowds." It would be seemly then, after this brief note, to excuse this searcher after loveliness from the press of grubby scribblers who elbow and jostle each other through these pages. 🐉

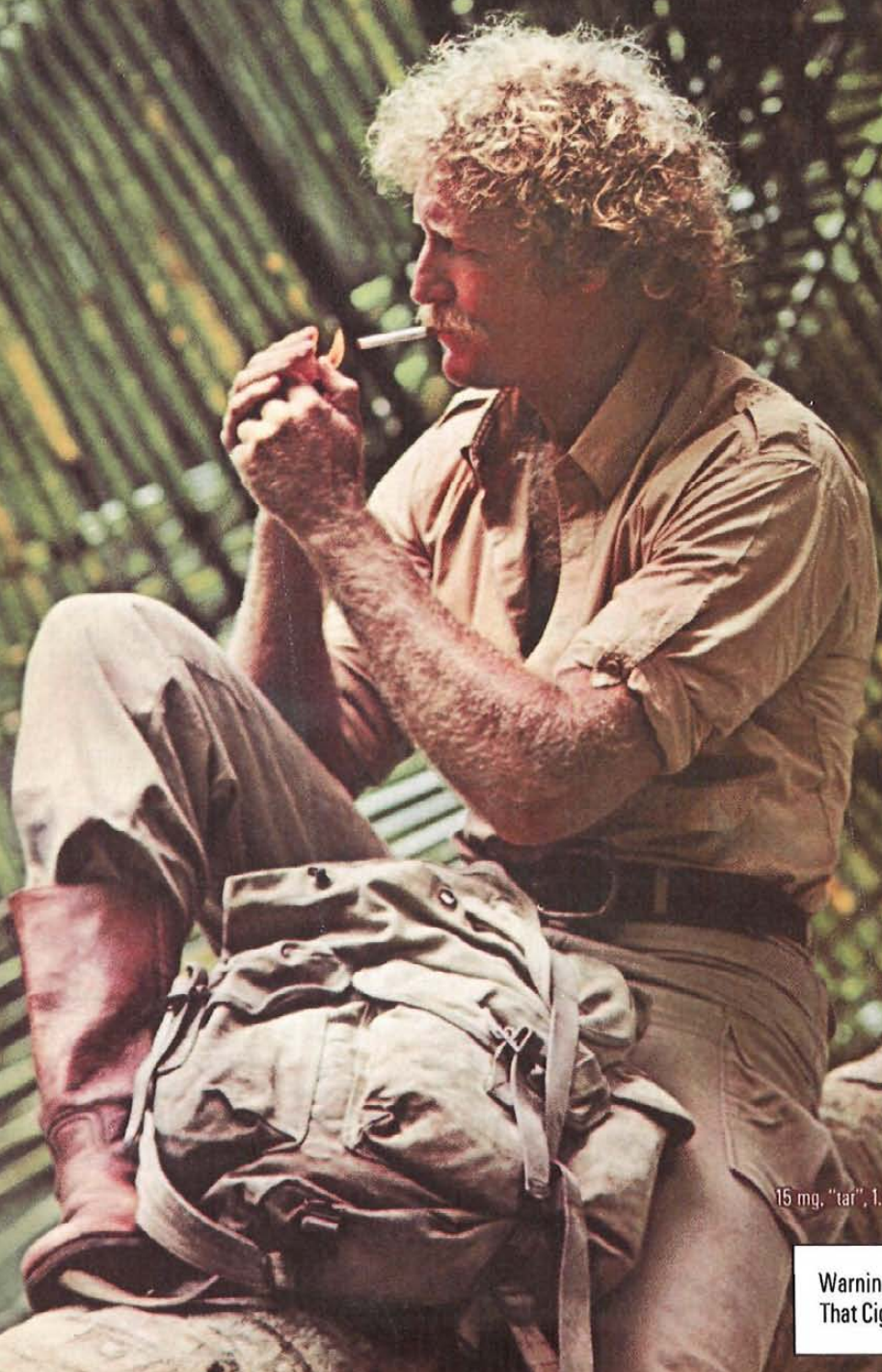
**Scott, F. R. (1899– )** Poet, professor, lawyer, university dean, social philosopher, concerned citizen, family man, pipe smoker, windbreaker wearer: Frank Scott is the measure of all things Canadian. Fair-minded and frank in all his dealings, he has been involved in founding several political parties (the CCF and the NDP) frankly devoted to Social Fairness and has written a fair number of poems frankly critical of Canadian life and letters. To be fair, we must remember that Dean Scott is the author and editor of some of our most trenchant satire. To be frank, we add: too little and too late. 🐉🐉🐉

**Yates, J. Michael (1938– )** Former Texas deejay, nonstop hog caller, and occasionally Canada's leading neo-post-crypto-pre-frontal-surrealist poet, J. Michael switches citizenship from U.S. to Canadian and back again several times a year depending on teaching jobs, availability of grants, and number of new enemies. Perhaps as a surrealist he considers himself a citizen of the fifth dimension and so these things matter little. The author of numerous volumes of poetry and curriculum vitae, Yates's preferred effect is that of the poem reading the reader who, metaphysically speaking, is not there to be read, Q.E.D. life sure is strange. In fact Mike is right here in this entry, on top of the *i* in the third line from the top. That little dot? That's him. He fell asleep and when he woke up there he was. He's shouting right now, but for once no one can hear him. Writing sure is strange. 🐉🐉🐉



# CAMEL

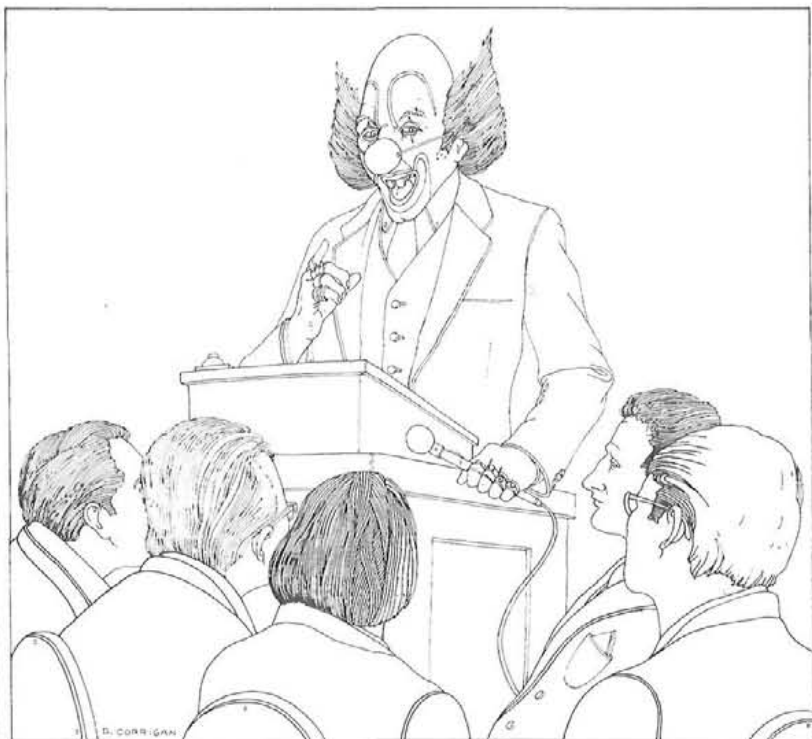
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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In which opportunity knocks, whistles, yells, picks your pocket, and gets the dog pregnant.

## Stu Brad, Motivated Salesman

BY CHARLIE HAAS

**H** EY, I AM EXCITED TODAY! I AM charged up with *personal success dynamism* I didn't know I had, and enough *financial achievement magnetism* to fill up the Eastgate Mall and both the parking lots, and so much *life-enriching attitude power* I'm likely to electrocute the next five or six lath customers I shake hands with while I look them directly in the eye with the Sale Closer Stare and the Didn't Come to Lose Rictus of Affability.

Tell you why I'm so full of will-be's (*anybody* can be full of *been's!*)—I spent five full hours this week at "Sphinx" Sphinkter's "Dimensions in Horizons of Accents on Opportunity '83" seminar in the posh conference room of the Discreet Retreat Motel over here in West Daybed. Sphinx, as you know if you're at all positive-personal-attitude-orientated, is the author

of such books as *Get Out Of My Way, I Have to Be Rich Now!*, which makes him kind of a hero to those of us who believe in being all we can be—and more!—in order to have all we can have, spend all we can spend, and eventually order around all those who thought that being a big-deal Regional Sales Supervisor with a la-di-da M.B.A. degree and a traitorous imported candy-ass "Z" car made them God's big fucking cheese on earth.

I've been reading Sphinx's books for years, and listening to his "Opportunitape" cassettes when I drive around in the Pacer (as Sphinx says, "Cassettes are your greatest assets!"), but I've never actually seen him in person before, and let me tell you, if you could take that kind of motivational power and put it in some kind of single-serv handi-pak, you'd have a product that wouldn't just sell itself, it would buy itself too, and pay itself a fat com-

mission and make out all its own expense reports for its sales trips in the tri-state area.

Sphinx is a guy who has "been there himself," selling everything from resort tractettes in former industrial areas to Creosote Magic cookware sets. Sure, these products are different from genuine lath, which I sell, and Texas, where Sphinx is from, is different from my territory, but the truths he comes up with are as universal as anything in *Paul Harvey's More of the Rest of the Story*.

In case you haven't seen what Sphinx looks like (there's a great picture of him on the back of his book *Visualize, Actualize, Grasp and Claw*), he has a sort of flinty, craggy, hard-driving, intelligent face, but with a big dollop of kindness and understanding—kind of like F. Lee Bailey with some *Lola Falana* thrown in. When he came out to address the seminar at the Discreet on Wednesday, he was wearing this really tasteful charcoal-gray suit, with the plaid pattern on it in a shade of blue you could hardly even see, and Bally shoes (you should have heard some of the guys gasp when Sphinx said how much they cost), and some super-sharp jewelry, including a Morgan silver dollar tie tack with the details in gold leaf, and a diamond lapel pin in the shape of a check made out for a million dollars, and about eight or nine tasteful rings on each hand.

"Hey," Sphinx said when he was getting warmed up, "how many of you here today are salesmen and saleswomen?" Just about everybody's hand went up. "Okay, that means I'm in some pretty good comp'ny here," Sphinx said, doing kind of a deep knee bend and then springing out of it and jumping about five feet, tossing the microphone in the air and catching it in the other hand just as he landed. He does a lot of that kind of thing, sort of for emphasis. "Anybody here know what the four saddest words in the whole English language are, an' prob'ly the Chinese and Mexican language too, if you translated 'em? Well, I'll tell you: 'No Salesman Will Call.' *Man*, I saw those four ol' words just the other day on an ad for a computer program that helps you plan corporate takeovers, this thing called *VisiGoth*, an' I felt like I just read one of those Russian tragedy books where doesn't even the *author* come out of the doggone thing alive, I'm here to tell you. Hey, you want to know what a salesman is? You know how most people, when they're little kids, they have this imaginary playmate that nobody else can see? This friend that'll talk to 'em even when no one

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"What comes down must go up."



Robert M. Martin, M.D.

else will, an' takes 'em on all kinds of adventures an' has all the neat ideas for fun stuff to do, an' then even takes the blame when you get yourself in a jam? You know how it is, the kid's always sayin', 'I didn't put house-brand vodka in the baby-sitter's Celestial Seasonin's tea an' then take a lotta SX-70s of her in crude positions after she passed out, Scotty did that,' and the mama's always sayin', 'I thought we weren't gonna hear about Scotty anymore?'

"Well, that's just what a salesman is, except a salesman's for *grownups*, an' a salesman's for *real*. That's right! The average guy in an office, or the retailer down at the store, the consumer in the showroom—who's he know that'll talk to him till the cows come home an' the thirty-day invoices come due? Who's he know that'll show him all kinds of neat ideas an' take him on adventures in modern living, an' then when he's bought so much stuff he has to take out a third mortgage an' his kids get accepted at Harvard but they have to go to the two-year state aggie college an' major in snap beans, who you think is quietly pleased to take the blame? That's right! That's what *you* all are—a childhood dream come *true!*" Sphinx was jumping around like a Ping-Pong ball by now, and the guys in the conference room could hardly contain how excited they were. Then Sphinx said some stuff about how Jesus and Moses and E.T. were really salesmen too, except that what they were selling was ideas, so they weren't up against lading costs, and the roof just about came off the place.

"But I'll tell you," Sphinx said, "as

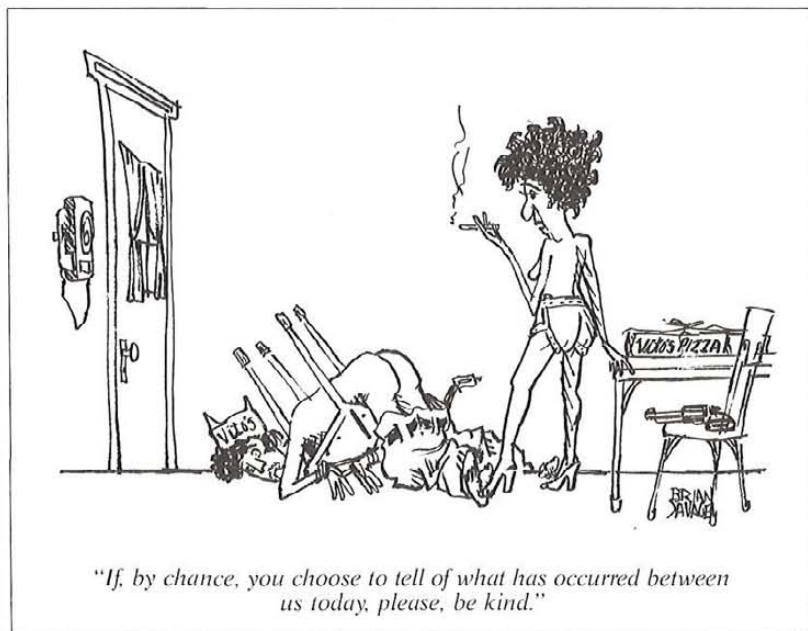
great as it is bein' a salesman, you're still makin' money for somebody *else*. You look around to see who the guys are that are really haulin' it home these days, an' each an' every one of 'em is what's called an *entrepreneur*." He went on to explain what "entrepreneur" actually means—"The 'entre' comes from the French phrase *entre nous*, which means not just everybody knows about these success secrets, an' the 'preneur' part is from 'prencurotic,' which means 'just about to go crazy over what to do with all that money!'"—and he said that by conceiving and believing and achieving, we could all be starting our own businesses. "Some of you might want to join together with your friends—you see all kinds of people goin' an' startin' carpools, but there's no reason you an' your buddies wouldn't go good together in a *success-pool*—or you might be more of a loner. But the thing is, you come up with an idea for a business today, there's no limit what you can do. You take these video games—hey, you might start up somethin' that'd be the next Atari Corporation, an' just thinkin' about the kind of money some of those ol' boys saved themselves dumpin' their stock before the sales numbers came out—man, you'd have to drink more cups of that in-room instant coffee with the little scum on top in more Rodeway Inns than I wanna *think* about before you made *that* dough on the road!"

Sphinx wound up his talk with some of the straight-ahead motivation talk he's best loved for—you know, "I don't care what kind of *background* you got, because your *bloodline* isn't gonna

keep you off the *breadline!* An' I don't care what kinda *education* you got, because the *letters* after your name ain't gonna put the *zeroes* after your income! An' I don't care how *cultured* you are, because sittin' at the *opera* isn't gonna get you any *opera-tunities!* But if you have enough *determination*, enough *direction*, an' enough *cassettes* from the table in the back there, you'll be up where I am in a year or so, wipin' off your windshield with New York steaks an' givin' people a Winnebago for Arbor Day!" By the time he was finished, I was so personally excited I went to the merchandise table and sprang for \$21.95 worth of Sphinx's "Get-Wealth Cards," which are these little cards with inspirational sayings on them that you put where you can see them every day. I put the one that says "The only kind of humble you can afford to be these days is Humble Oil!" on the bathroom mirror, and the one that says "A profiteer is without a doubt honored at his own country club" on the dashboard of the Pacer, and started thinking about entrepreneuring ideas I could have.

By the next day, which was yesterday, I had what I think is the kind of "nervous breakthrough" that Sphinx says the great inventors are always having. Which is: There are thousands and thousands of businesses in this country that *don't have mascots!* I mean, when you think about how much Speedy Alka-Seltzer, Mr. Peanut, Good Willy, Sam the Olympic Eagle, and the little space guys from Spoon-size Shredded Wheat have done to bring happiness—and increased profits—into the world, and think about the businesses that aren't benefiting from the use of similar marketing aids, well, you're talking checking accounts in the Caymans for the guy who does a little heads-up solution-creating.

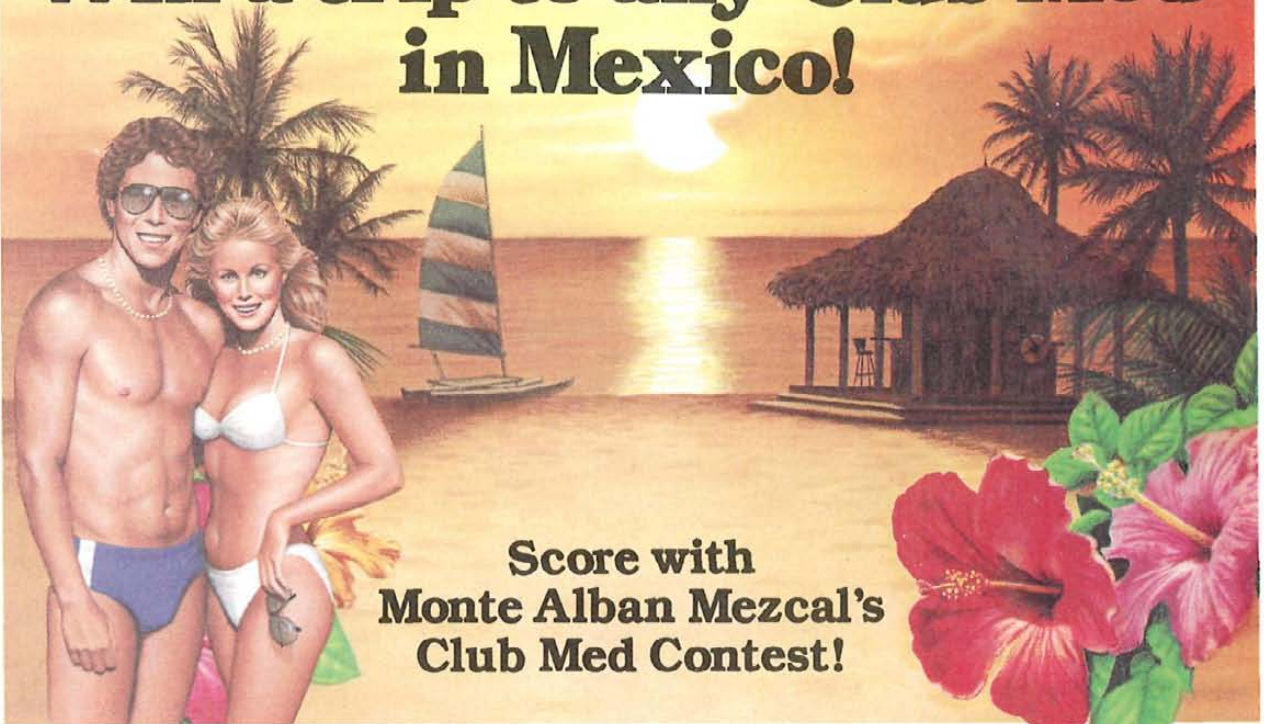
Straight out of the box, I came up with three "spokesthings" for outfits that could use a little help in the image department: Taxi, the IRS Termite; Little Nukie, the Nuclear Squirrel, for Metropolitan Edison (you know, the Three Mile Island people); and Scamp Shrimpy, a really adorable little guy, for Napolowitz's Apparel in Fashions for the Shorter Man in downtown Daybed. This morning I worked up a sketch of the "Little Nukie Never Hurt Anybody!" T-shirt, and I'm no artist and illustrator LeRoy Neiman, but I think it's lookin' goo-ood! I even made myself a homemade Get-Wealth Card. It says, "Think up enough *mascots*, and pretty soon you'll be sitting around wearing *ascots!*" Not as good as Sphinx's, but, hey, what is? ■



"If, by chance, you choose to tell of what has occurred between us today, please, be kind."



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3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from all correct and eligible entries received by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, and limited to one prize per family.
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## Nurse On The Run

How long could Deborah remain a fugitive on an island that she forgot—during her true identity and the profession she had trained so hard for?

Kathleen Harris



Fiction fraught with psychosociological symbolism—and non-glare paper to boot.

# From the Bookshelf

BY JOEY GREEN

**Nurse on the Run.** By Kathleen Harris. 176 pages. A Valentine Book. \$1.75. Easy Eye Edition.

**T**HE STORY OF A YOUNG CAREER woman running from reality to cope with psychological trauma is hardly an unfamiliar theme in popular literature, yet in *Nurse on the Run*, Kathleen Harris subtly elevates the adolescent escape romance genre beyond melodramatic psychological moralism into the realm of serious existential thought. With this book, Ms. Harris clearly establishes herself as the voice of a generation. This ambitious study of a young nurse turned fugitive operates on several levels, providing provocative insights into the human condition while posing compelling philosophical questions of cosmic consequence. Harris magically oversimplifies her prose to serve her

purpose. She takes risks, defying stale conventions of grammar and syntax to achieve a straightforward approach uncomplicated by oblique esotericisms or intellectual complexity; thus, she makes deep metaphysical concepts accessible to a larger audience than Heidegger, Kierkegaard, and Sartre *together* could ever hope to reach. In that spirit, the publishers took the opportunity to issue this monumental work under their Easy Eye imprint—in larger type and on scientifically tinted non-glare paper.

The nurse of the title is our protagonist, attractive Deborah McGarthy, who has nursed wealthy old Mr. Engleman through a severe bout with pneumonia. On his doctor's recommendation, Engleman decides to take a Caribbean cruise on his yacht, insisting that Deborah accompany him. At first she is uneasy about the idea, but when the *Maybelle* sets sail, the shapely nurse is aboard, only to find her worst premonitions coming true. Engleman has also invited the Schuberts (in whose eyes "a nurse was not far above a servant") and his niece, Edith Carstairs, who has brought along a friend: handsome, freewheeling Kim Crawford. Kim immediately focuses his attention on Deborah, "not only for his own amusement but to tantalize Edith," setting the stage for a drama that effectively echoes the existential angst of Sartre's *No Exit*.

Despite her better judgment, Deb-

orah allows her fondness for Kim to grow. When the *Maybelle* docks at its first port of call, they go ashore together and share a rather intimate moment, described enchantingly by Harris (note the author's sly anthropomorphism, through which Kim's organs of sight take on an eerie consciousness of their own):

"Are you enjoying it?" he asked, his dark eyes smiling down into hers. His eyes held no subtle meaning, challenge, or the significance of shared intimacy, but only the sincere concern of a close friend.

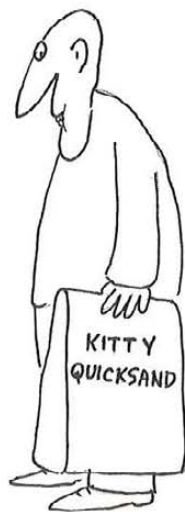
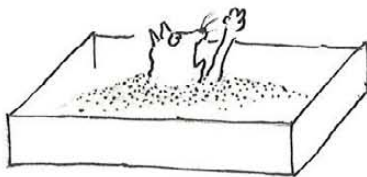
She realized that this experience had tied the knot of friendship between them. It was as though, away from the confining limits of the yacht, they could just be themselves—and forget the others.

Perhaps that was the clue to the change between them. Yet it reminded her that this newly discovered compatibility could not last.

"I've enjoyed every minute," she said. "I'll always thank you for this experience, Kim. I guess I needed it to 'restore' myself. But I also think we ought to turn back now."

"Whatever you command." His smiling eyes sobered, showing he felt as she did about this stolen interlude.

Soon the *Maybelle* runs into stormy seas, majestically foreshadowing the impending conflict among the passengers, and Deborah remains on deck with Kim. "I've always enjoyed watching a storm gather," she tells him, re-



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vealing what seems to be a deep-seated neurosis that subconsciously invites psychological paralysis:

"Can't you feel in your very bones the forces of nature, like a huge beast, making ready to spring on a helpless victim? Maybe that isn't saying it well, but you know what I mean."

He nodded. "It's the change in the atmosphere. And you're so right—it could toss this tiny speck of white we're on about like a toy. But I guess the captain knows what the *Maybelle* can take, and how to ride the waves. They may get high enough to wash over the deck, so you'll have to stay inside then."

"It fascinates me," Deborah admitted, "even when it's in a rage. Oh! Did you see that bolt of lightning? But it's still far away."

"Most women are afraid of lightning. Are you afraid of anything, Deborah?"

She thought for a moment. "Not that sort of thing. I suppose I am afraid of—well, injustice, intolerance, unfairness in any form."

Deborah's stunning outburst, virtually involuntary, shows that she doesn't *choose* to accept responsibility for humankind's foibles—she simply

*must*. The author's veiled homage to Socrates is complete. Later, the heroine's moral strength manifests itself in action. During the storm, Edith becomes seasick, and Deborah willingly nurses her antagonist back to health, giving Edith the opportunity to fly off the handle in jealous rage. Edith accuses the nurse of trying to work her way into Engleman's will. "You'd better leave Kim alone," she warns, "or you'll be sorry." But Deborah courageously continues to spend time with Kim.

When Mrs. Schubert's missing pearl necklace is found in Deborah's cabin the following evening, the nurse, like the hero in Kafka's *The Trial*, stands accused of a crime she did not commit. The Freudian implications of Mrs. Schubert's pearls remain untouched; instead, Harris allows for an Adlerian approach to her character's psyche, unearthing deeply buried subconscious conflicts recalling Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*. When Mrs. Schubert tells Deborah that she won't bring charges against her because "my husband will see to it that you will never be employed as a nurse again," Deborah, obviously reacting out of a neurotic

longing to undermine her self-esteem and effect an ontological confrontation with nothingness, magnifies the situation beyond all proportion. Harris shows her heroine enveloped in a Kafkaesque network of interdependence with a world into which she has been thrown and in which she walks as a stranger. Poetically, the author portrays life as a drama and a struggle rather than a continuous, organic experience. The next morning, when the boat stops to refuel on a small island, Deborah jumps ship to search for her existential authenticity.

As Deborah heads down the dock, Harris introduces a catalyst in the person of Andy Stalfe (a character whose very name denotes supportive strength). He catapults Deborah toward what Karl Jaspers describes as "the brink," from which she starts on her own in the direction of her *Existenz*. After Deborah helps Andy fix the engine on his boat, he invites her along as a "fishing mate" for the day. As they pull out from the harbor, a thought-provoking dialectic ensues.

"I take each day as it comes," says Andy, espousing Nietzsche. "Eternity is now, you know, the moment of the present."

"You do have an unusual philosophy," admits Deborah.

"Isn't life pretty much what a person makes it?" asks Andy, stressing Sartre's belief that man should act without hope of any meaning and regularity in the world other than what he himself proposes.

"If other people will let you," answers Deborah, reiterating Kierkegaard's denial of fulfillment in the social realm.

"No one can stop you, at least not for long—unless you let them," counters Andy, prosaically alluding to the metaphysical unity effectuated by bringing Heidegger's *Dasein* into awareness of its connection with Being to rise above all being.

When the boat returns to shore, Andy sends Deborah to an ancient English castle by the sea to stay with ancient Dr. Morely, who runs a clinic for the natives. He accepts Deborah without question, inviting her to stay as long as she wishes. How Deborah comes to terms with Heidegger's precept that authenticity necessitates the awareness of one's detachment and the discovery of a way back to Being on the ground of all Beings allows for the novel's central theme to take hold. This crucial, intricate juncture cannot be adequately encapsulated here without committing a terrible injustice. Suffice it to say that Deborah resolves her struggle during the month that follows,



as her fondness for Andy grows.

It is not until Kim arrives on the island to ask Deborah to return to the States with him that our heroine realizes the many changes she has undergone. Kim tells her that he has forced Edith to square matters with the Schuberts so that nothing will be done to blemish Deborah's reputation as a nurse. But Deborah has already reaffirmed her empirical existence. "I've found not only a new way of life on this tiny island, but I've found myself," she tells Kim, having elevated herself beyond what Gabriel Marcel called the primary level of reflection and consciousness-as-such toward a fundamental unity. Still, Deborah questions whether she can find contentment on this small island ("since love is a woman's only reason for being, really"), eloquently reiterating Martin Buber's belief that a genuine encounter of the I with the Thou is both a gateway to the experience of human freedom and a necessity for its emergence.

When Deborah finally realizes that her fulfillment lies in working as a nurse by Dr. Morely's side to teach the people of the island "so many other things," she not only reaffirms Nietzsche's belief that existential authenticity requires creativity in spite of the ultimate futility of life, she also begins to evidence signs of Nikolai Berdyaev's spiritual anarchism. And only then is she ready to receive Andy's love:

He was a man, she realized—remembering how electric his nearness had been—any woman could love—yes, enough to stay on this tiny island in the middle of the Caribbean for a lifetime if he were to return that love....

He looked at her now. "That's all I have to offer you. Love. a roof that doesn't leak, enough to eat. It isn't much."

"It's enough." It was more than enough.... She had found the field of nursing she wanted to follow. She had found a new way of life. She had found the man she loved.

Never before has the author of a mushy, drippy adolescent escape romance unleashed provocative metaphysical insights to such a remarkable degree. *Nurse on the Run* is a highly accessible and engaging work in which psychological and emotional dilemmas are but a backdrop for a truly compelling exploration of existential thought set out with unflinching illiteracy, riveting sentimentality, and compelling naïveté. With its publication, Kathleen Harris takes her rightful place in the pantheon of existential thinkers. I urge you to read this book. ■



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and saner, on TV....

## A Visit from Dr. Ulene

BY PETER GAFFNEY

**E**VERYBODY, PLEASE TAKE your seats. That's lovely. Thank you, ladies. Now. As you know, we have a very special guest with us this afternoon to answer your medical and health-related questions, but before I get around to introducing him, I do have a few announcements, so please bear with me. Thank you.

Now, first of all, a big "thank you" to those of you who gave your time, energy, and old clothes for our Togs for Tramps campaign. It was lovely, it was really a big success, and if you ever get a chance to go down to the freight yards you can see for yourselves what a difference we've made in the lives of these poor outcasts from society who ride the rails.

I know you're all just as excited as I am to meet today's guest, a man of medicine who's literally changed our lives with his own Cable TV Health Network and his many appearances on the "Today" show. But first I think we

should welcome our newest member, who today is attending her very first monthly meeting of the Sioux City Ladies Auxiliary. Her name is Doris Stevenson—Doris, will you stand up. Thank you. Lovely. I'm sure many of you already know Doris as the president of our local chapter of Parents Without Partners, or as the national vice-chairman of the Viral Neuro-Cetoma Foundation. For those of you who haven't been educated in this, VNC, the "forgotten disease," is an incurable, horribly painful genetic disorder that cripples, humiliates, and then kills small children. Am I right about that, Doris? Doris has done some remarkable fund-raising for the foundation. She has three—I'm sorry, two—lovely little boys, and I think you've probably seen them both in local advertising for the VNC. Thank you, Doris. Sit down.

And now, ladies, I'm pleased and honored to welcome our very special guest today, a doctor whose TV appearances have brought hope to mil-

lions, whose thought-provoking books are quickly becoming a *sine qua non* of the American housewife's personal health library, and whom I have tirelessly labored to bring before us. Ladies, won't you please give a very big lovely Sioux City welcome to Dr. Art Ulene.

LADIES, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR such a warm reception. And thank you, Mrs. Wheaton, for that kind introduction.

You know, in the twenty years that I have been practicing medicine, both as a physician and as a health-care counselor, we've been witness to some fantastic strides, not only in our ability to combat catastrophic illness, but also in our adoption of a more common-sense approach to preventive medicine.

With the aid of microcomputers and laser beams, today's doctors are more supremely godlike than ever, dispensing life and death like brightly colored pills to the pathetic mortals who claw desperately at the hems of our gowns demanding relief from their half-imaginary agonies. In fact, I think I can safely say that when modern medicine fails to cure a patient these days, it does so out of mere caprice.

And yet, in the face of this tremendously powerful, complex, efficient machine that is medical science, the general public remains woefully ignorant. For instance, recently I received a letter from a woman in Chicago who wanted to know if she should continue to administer large doses of horse tranquilizers to her nine-year-old daughter. As you may imagine, my reply was both informative and extremely witty.

Then there was the Kansas City housewife who phoned me begging to know if there was any known treatment for her terminally ill husband. How stupid can one person be? Any fool should know that I wouldn't accept telephone calls on my personal line from people I haven't even met.

And I can't remember how many times I've been asked: What about the over-65 woman—should she be concerned about getting enough iron in her diet, even though she's well past the childbearing years?

Well, how the hell should I know? Do you honestly think I have time for research in between all these lectures and TV appearances? Anything I ever knew about medicine I forgot a long time ago, after I left the institute.

The institute! That's where you'll find the real criminals, guilty before the Altar of Science of the only true medical crime there is—closing their narrow little academic minds to true genius

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when it's right in their midst. Those slimy bastards with their white coats and fancy titles and fossilized brains, they just couldn't understand that high cholesterol levels are just as serious in children as in older people. They were blind to the fact that there are ten steps to a healthier body that anyone can follow, regardless of age or physical condition.

I showed them, didn't I? I fixed their fucking wagons. You'll never see those deadbeats on "Today" or the Carson show. The only places they could get their crap published these days are prestigious journals of medicine. Hah!

Drunk? Sure I'm drunk, lady, drunk with the power and prestige of being a television personality with my own Cable Health Network. I can say anything I want, and millions of people hang on every word. I can tell you women to go fuck yourselves, and tomorrow you'll do it, using a sterile, rash-preventive lubricant that I've recommended.

And do you want to know why? Because I'm Dr. Art Ulene, that's why. Because you've seen me on TV with Jane Pauley and Willard Scott, and that seems to lend this carnival act of mine a certain unassailable authority in your tiny brains.

You know, the beauty of it is that I'm nobody. I'm just an ordinary M.D. with a reasonably pleasant face and no personality to speak of who got hooked onto the biggest fucking gravy train in the history of the universe. I've got every woman in America trusting me. Just watch this.

Mrs. Wheaton, if you don't mind, I

wonder if I could ask you to participate in a small demonstration. Thank you. Mrs. Wheaton, I'd estimate that you are about forty-seven years old. Am I right? Your weight—well, let's take a stab in the dark and say 160 pounds. Now, ordinarily a woman of your age and weight wouldn't be able to run very fast, particularly in those heels. But I'm guessing that with your healthy diet and jazzercise classes you'll do a bit better than average, especially if you're being pursued by a pack of vicious dogs.

Just joking, Mrs. Wheaton. There are no vicious dogs. No dogs at all, in fact. Just you, Mrs. Wheaton, so perhaps you would be willing to get down on all fours and pretend that *you* are a dog. That's it! Excellent, Mrs. Wheaton.

As you can see, Mrs. Wheaton has good-naturedly consented to debase herself in front of an audience containing many of her friends, just because I've asked her to.

You ladies in the back, please don't attempt to leave. I have a great deal more to say, and I don't think any of you would want to miss a single word.

Crazy? You're the crazy one, lady. All you women are out of your fucking minds. What do you people think I am—Jesus Christ returned to the planet Earth for the express purpose of treating your temporary feminine discomforts?

Well, I'll tell you something, ladies. I'm sick of death of your temporary feminine discomforts. I'm sick of dispensing advice on the effects of diet on hypertension and bladder cancer. I mean, for God's sake, I probably put

away a quart of vodka a day just washing down the pills I've prescribed for myself; I rarely eat anything except hot dogs and chocolate eclairs; and I'm as healthy as the day I was born. Not to mention a great deal richer.

As far as I'm concerned, you can just fuck all of this health shit. You want some real excitement? Let's talk about the space program. That's where the action is, not on the "Today" show or in some fucking laboratory at Johns Hopkins.

What those astronauts are doing you wouldn't believe. Sure, everybody knows we wouldn't have Cuisinarts today if it weren't for research done during the old Mercury program, but there are a whole lot of other advances, not so colorful, perhaps, but ultimately just as important, that just never would have happened if somebody hadn't had the vision and the guts to strap some poor monkey inside a tin can and then send it hurtling into the cosmic void at several times the speed of sound.

Many of these advances, of course, have come in the field of medicine. Lives are being saved as we speak because of plastic heart valves, artificial blood, and all sorts of shit like that that ordinary people don't know anything about because they don't watch enough cable TV.

But let's forget about medicine and talk about the real potential of space.

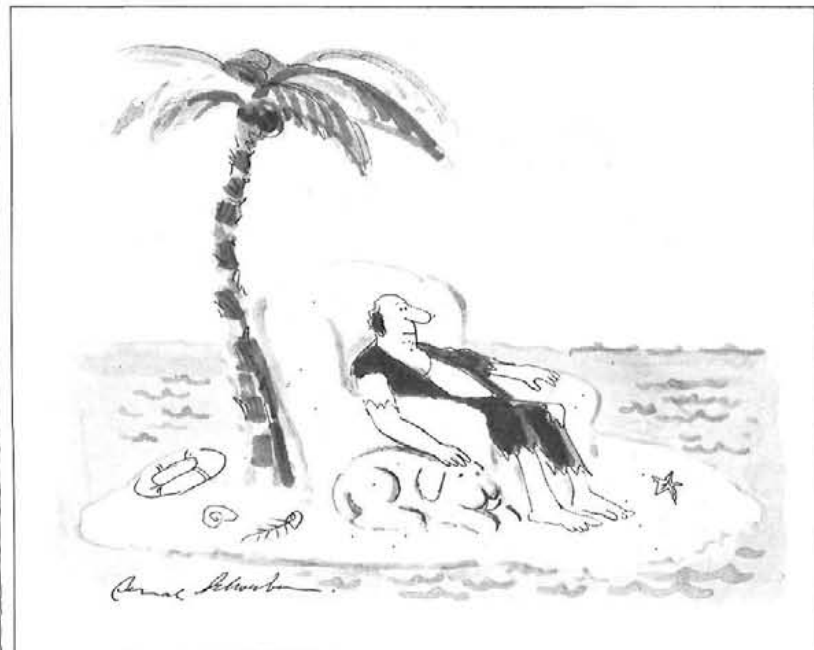
Have you ladies ever stopped to consider just how *big* space really is? I mean, Jesus, it's fucking *enormous*. I mean, there are *billions upon billions* of stars out there, each one separated from the next by literally *trillions* of miles. It's so goddamn big, in fact, that if our whole galaxy were the size of a speck of fly shit on the wall, the totality of the universe would still be as big as it is now. Can you fucking grasp that?

And what's out there, anyway?

Who the hell knows? That's the beauty of it. Could be anything. And it's all ours for the taking, if we've just got guts enough to grab for it. We're all going to be jillionaires. We're going to take entire planets and transform them into private pleasure gardens for our personal amusement. We're going to live like fucking gods. Can you imagine it?

But you can't, can you? You're all so fucking pleased with your tiny little lives in this tiny little shithole of a town on this goddamn tiny little planet that you don't care about anything else. You can't conceive of anything bigger than an ice-cream social or your husband's next raise.

No, bitch, *you* shut up! I've got a whole lot more to say, and you're going to sit there and listen....





# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

Hello. I'm the straight letter for this column, akin to the straight man in a comedy team. Because I'm here and not at all funny, all the other letters in this column will seem twice as funny, and you will be a happier person for having read them after reading me. Go ahead. Read all the other letters. You'll thank me afterward.

Bud Letter  
*Where I is, where I is*

Sirs:

You've heard about incidents in which it literally rained cats and dogs or frogs or fish, right? Well, up here in Ketchikan the other day, we had a blizzard in which strange-looking people such as one-armed men with skins like snakes and two-headed midgets and guys that weighed nine hundred pounds poured down on our village from the sky. I guess you could say it was a freak snowstorm.

Rob Henley  
*Ketchikan, Alaska*

Sirs:

That was a really cheap joke, and it never happened. Nothing much happens here in Ketchikan, except the time a bunch of drunken Eskimos set fire to a mound of red ants just for fun. Otherwise, it's nothing but snow and icy winds that'll tear your tits off.

Buzz Skimms  
*Ketchikan, Alaska*

Sirs:

I don't know what all the fuss is about finding a gal's G-spot. Mine's a foot and a half wide, and a blind man could find it with a snow shovel.

Gloria Leonard  
*High Society Islands*

Sirs:

My back. I need my medicine. For God's sake, I need my medicine. Doctor. You know any doctors? I gotta have a 'scrip. My back. You gotta help me. Hundred Percs. Tell the doctor I need Percs. The yellow ones. Not the white ones, not Percobarb, they got aspirin in them. Mess up your stomach. Dan, not barb. Yellow Percodan. You gotta do it. Dilaudid. They're even better. Check that guy in Tennessee, Nick, Elvis's guy. Tell him about my back. That's the best—no way they can check it out. Gotta get well. Got a bunch of cases. Can't focus. Check all the D.O.'s. Osteopaths. They're all whores. Give you a 'scrip for ten dollars. Get Demerol.

One thousand Demerols. I got the money. I can get it. Sell my papers. Check my docket, antitrust stuff, look for the big names. IBM, the phone company, big names. Call them. Tell them my opinions don't come cheap. They'll give you the cash. Check out the stuff on the streets. Skag. Whatever they got. Buy it. Gotta get well. Gotta move fast.

Rehnquist  
*c/o Hi-Lite Motel  
Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

Hey! What's the difference between NBC and the *Titanic*? Give up? NBC is a television network, and the *Titanic* was a luxury ocean liner.

Chester Neckburn  
*Phoenix, Ariz.*

Sirs:

In an effort to achieve wider support among our black constituency, the secretary of the interior has agreed to change his name to James Say Watt.

Caspar "Willie" Weinberger  
*Washington, Carver*

Sirs:

A lot of guys at the bowling alley think I'm a regular Rodney Dangerfield what with all the jokes I crack all the time, and they told me to write to you guys and try to be a joke writer for you because you accept freelance work, not like *Mad* magazine.

So there's this idea for a cartoon I have but I can't draw cartoons but here's the idea for one of your cartoonists to draw up: Elliott's mom faints when she gets the phone bill. Get it? It's from that movie *E.T.* where this alien phones his spaceship.

And I know a good practical joke: See, if you lose the beer frame too many times you can get even by pissing in the pitcher of beer before you bring it back to the guys, and even if everybody finds out, then they won't make you buy the beer anymore.

And you can have a funny series of faked-up record album covers, like *Dolly Parton's Greatest Tits*. Pretty funny, huh? How much do you guys pay?

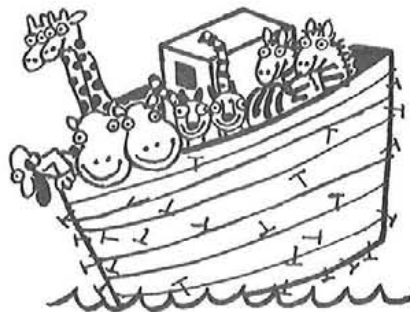
Danny "Gutter Ball" Pinski  
*Wayzata, Minn.*

Sirs:

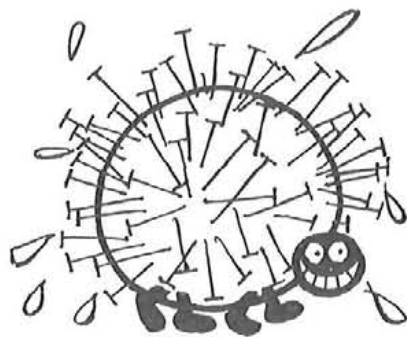
I once remarked to my granny: "A canner can can anything that he can, but a canner can't can a can, can he?" I thought it was rather droll at the time.

A Canner Exceedingly Canny  
*Cannes, France*

# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) something Noah had plenty of.



b) a quill from a wet porcupine.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

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Sirs:

I'm really worried, man. See, this guy told me the other night that there's this one Missile Command machine that's not a game—it's really hooked up to the whole fuckin' Strategic Air Command, see, and if the president pushes the button, the guy who's playing that machine is gonna have the whole fuckin' world at his fingertips, man. So I got a little buzz on last night, and I started playing down at the 7-Eleven, and I think I accidentally let a couple of Russki ICBMs drop on Buffalo. I didn't see anything on the news last night, but I'm still a little freaked-out. Can you guys, like, call over there and see if everything's cool? Thanks, man.

Ken Adelman  
*Joystick, N.J.*

Sirs:

Do you remember when I told you I wouldn't write to you until I became a success? Well, I changed my mind.

Craig Pasqua  
*Tulsa, Okla.*

Sirs:

Hold the phone, my staff just found an oil deposit! Stop the presses, it's at

least ten million barrels of high-grade crude! Oops, stop the story. It's in Africa, and I think we'll just leave it right where it is, and go look somewhere else.

Col. Harlan H. Fried  
*American Oil Co.*

Sirs:

The biggest thrill for me is to pick up a broad at a bar and then take her to a hotel. There I register us as Mr. and Mrs. Geraldo Tomaszewski. Then I come in my pants.

John Smith  
*Smithville, Ind.*

Sirs:

That kid you see on TV is not the real Prince William. I'm the real Prince William. I was born without any arms or legs, so they had to substitute the chambermaid's boy. But I've still got a title—Royal Pincushion of England.

Prince William  
*Tower of London*

Sirs:

No, I'm the real Prince William. The reason they substituted the kid from the Pampers commercials is because I'm six feet seven. And black. I don't

know how, but someday I'm going to slam-dunk my way back to Buckingham Palace and teach those folks some bodacious manners.

Prince William J.  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Sirs:

Somewhere, somehow, Lordy knows how it got there, there's a real snow man out in the fields of North Dakota. I mean, he's packing a lot of powder. Ask Gram Nash. I mean, he's worth several hundred thousand dollars.

The Silly Millionaire  
*Lippy, N.Dak.*

Sirs:

If the government can borrow trillions of dollars, how come my bank won't give me a lousy four hundred bucks?

John Massey  
*Brunswick, Ohio*

Sirs:

Just imagine if his name had been Alexander Graham Airraidsiren.

Butch Ingles  
*Helena, Mont.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



## A new Shure phono cartridge can improve your sound more than \$800 speakers.

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# Time of the Month

NOVEMBER EDITION



Presidential candidate Jesse Jackson and his vice-presidential candidate meet with world leader Yasir Arafat. "White people have nothing to fear from these men," John Glenn told reporters. "I myself spent several hours in a room with them, and I smell okay and don't want to eat strange food. It's all right, I guess."

## Jackson Taps Ultimate White for Running Mate

**I**N A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT, the Reverend Jesse Jackson has declared his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for president, and named Ohio Senator John Glenn as his running mate. Glenn, who until recently had been conducting his own campaign for the presidency, is believed to have accepted Jackson's offer and will make his own announcement on the subject later in the week.

"I believe Senator Glenn will lend a certain legitimacy to this campaign," Jackson said. "He has a solid record on the issues, he is honest, he's a dedicated public servant, and, let's face it, I need a honky."

Glenn's aides said the senator had had some serious questions about Jackson's candidacy and about his place on

the ticket before meeting with the fiery black leader in Chicago last week. One of Glenn's objections was said to center on Jackson's campaign slogan, "Get Whitey."

"Senator Glenn was having a real problem accepting that slogan until the Reverend Mr. Jackson explained to him that it referred to former Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford," a Glenn aide said.

"The senator has never been a big fan of Whitey Ford or any of the Yankees for that matter, so he agreed that Whitey, wherever he is, has got to go."

If Glenn has indeed accepted Jackson's offer to run as his vice-president, he will be writing an end to his own presidential ambitions. But many in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

## Hitler Tells All

**I**T'S OFFICIAL NOW: ADOLF HITLER did not write the now-notorious Hitler diaries. In a recent interview in *Stern* magazine, the former führer confirmed that the diaries were forged documents.

"Hey, they were forgeries. There's no doubt about that now," Hitler said. "But I'll tell you guys a little secret: they really had me fooled there for a while. I could have sworn that was my handwriting!"

Asked at what point he detected the forgery, Hitler said, "I guess it was when they had me bad-mouthing Himmler, calling him—what was it?—a 'deceitful little animal breeder' and a 'little penny-pincher.' Well, that's when I caught on, 'cause I loved and trusted Himmler as a great friend, almost as much as I loved and trusted Eva Brown."

That was Braun, wasn't it? Hitler was asked.

"Right, er, Braun," he said. "Braun, yeah, that was it."

LET'S  
TALK  
TURKEY



### "Can We Talk, Turkey?"

JOAN RIVERS, FRISKY TV FUNSTER, speaking on behalf of the Minnesota Turkey Growers Association, reminds everyone to "buy their turkey early this year, before Liz Taylor cleans out your local store, hah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah, urf urf urf."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

siders say Glenn's campaign would have failed anyway, judging from his recent lackluster performance in the polls.

Several polls taken by the senator's campaign organization showed Glenn trailing all announced and some unannounced Democratic candidates by as much as "a zillion points," in the words of one pollster.

"He has as much chance of winning the nomination as Josef Mengele has of heading B'nai B'rith," said one worker who asked to remain unidentified.

"The man's a loser. He's a nice guy, and we all know where nice guys finish."

Jackson and Glenn are expected to make their first campaign appearance together early next week, when they will cut a ribbon to open the Astro Barbecue—a space-age restaurant in Washington, D.C.

## U.S. Modernizes Naval-Joke Arsenal

**I**N KEEPING WITH THE CURRENT military thrust toward a leaner, more efficient Navy, the Pentagon announced that our blue-water fleet will not only be fitted with new missiles and jets but also with new, more efficient humor.

Rear Admiral Kevin Mulroy explained that old Navy standby sayings such as "The cabin boy, the cabin boy, the dirty little nipper/Put broken glass/Within his ass/And circumcised the skipper" were far too involved and clumsy to be considered ordnance in modern naval warfare.

According to Admiral Mulroy, Navy humor will henceforth consist of snappy one-liners that don't require memorization of complex rhymes or lines and therefore take far less time to deliver than the old gags—a decided advantage during an exchange of missile salvos.

"Boned in the Radar Room," by I.M. Horny, and "Exocet on the Screen," by R.U. Ducking and Y. Bother, are just two of the snappy new gags that will soon be standard equipment for our "salty dogs." Certain top-secret jokes will only be resorted to in the event of war.

The fate of the old gags was not clear, but the admiral hinted that unless they could be optioned to one of the late-night talk shows, the obsolete humor would be scrapped. ■



Poor people, enjoying their last week of freedom before being stacked one atop the other in giant warehouses where, according to HUD Secretary Pierce, "they'll be out of sight, and out of mind."

# "Room and Bored" Low-Income Housing Urged

A PLAN IN WHICH THE POOR WOULD BE "stacked like cordwood" in old warehouses was outlined today by HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce.

The project, dubbed "No Exit," would greatly increase the availability of low-income housing, offer greater security than current housing projects, and "get all those dirty, smelly people off the streets and out of the way," Pierce said.

"No Exit" would also reduce the nation's dangerously large supply of old government-issue isolation chambers popular with radical psychologists during the 1960s.

"Those big iron suckers are just sitting around rusting," Pierce said of the chambers. "We tried to sell them to the Saudis as armored water beds, but those camel jockeys are smarter than they look."

The six-by-three-by-three-foot chambers, slightly wider at the shoulders, hold several dozen gallons of liquid behind a thin plastic membrane. They were used in sensory deprivation experiments by psychologists, who found the floating sensation restful despite cramps, vomiting, double vision, pleurisy, and nosebleeds.

"Most of these people are used to

sensory deprivation," Pierce said. "Being unemployed for so long, they don't have any sense. Get it? Cents?"

Under the "No Exit" plan, candidates would be lured from the traditional public housing projects through financial incentives, rent-control guarantees, rosy promises, lies, and threats.

Residents would be introduced to their new homes, many at gunpoint, at 2,700 federal warehouses in the Midwest. Each facility will house more than 520,000 chambers, "stacked like Pringles, or, perhaps more correctly, like poker chips," Pierce said.

Each chamber will be fitted with a clear Plexiglas faceplate so that residents can watch during the few brief seconds before another chamber is lowered on top of them.

Personal possessions will be limited to what a person can carry in his or her mouth. ■

**Time  
of the  
Month**

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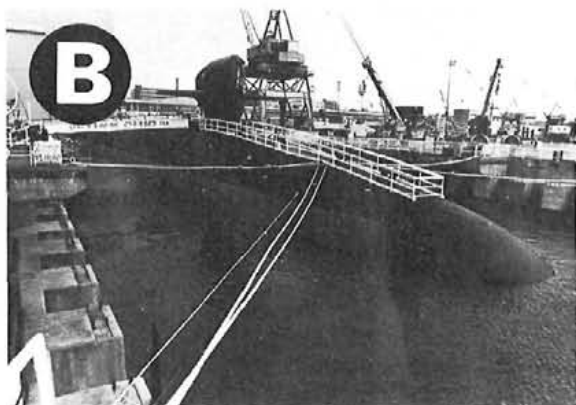
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## "Star Wars" Weapon

MORONS AND GOONS WHO HAVE taken to referring to antinuclear beam weapons as "star wars" weapons because that is the only way they can conceive of anything more complicated than a rocket with a bomb in its nose will be confused to learn about an alternative "star wars" weapon.

Producer George Lucas and director Steven Spielberg have offered to make the next film in the *Star Wars* blockbuster series available to the Joint Chiefs of Staff for eventual deployment against the country's enemies.

"The concept is really too complex for a journalist to understand," said Pentagon sources, "but this, very simply, is an economic weapon. We show this movie in an adversary nation, using a Swiss distributor. The hostile nation's people bankrupt themselves and the nation paying the box-office charges on this great, great film. We make money and our enemies go broke. Get it?"

Receipts from the star wars weapon would be divided between the producers and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. ■

## Directory Assistance Aides for El Salvador

DECLARING THAT "SINCE WE ALREADY have some advisers in El Salvador, I figured why not send in some more," President Reagan has announced that he is sending a corps of "Directory Assistance aides" to the tiny Central American country. Exclaimed the president, "I'm proud to say that from now on, despite their notoriously bad telephone system, the Salvadorans will always have people standing by to help them find the numbers they need."

Reagan continued, "And, since I know a poverty-stricken nation like that can't get enough advice of all kinds, I'm also going to send in teams of street-direction givers, time tellers, traffic reporters, recipe interpreters, movie-timetable givers, weather forecasters, product demonstrators, meter readers, quiz-show hosts, magazine columnists, and various other kinds of question answerers, smart people, helpers, coaches, counselors, expounders, instructors, suggesters, prescribers, recommenders, proposers, prompters, tutors, explainers, mentors, gurus, and assistants." The president explained that "this should provide the country with a total, complete advisory service and make life much easier for the poor Salvadorans, who often walk around in a befuddled state for lack of good advice."

The president added that, if his expanded advisory program proved successful, he would extend it to other needy Central and South American countries. ■



One of the new Directory Assistance aides training for El Salvador.

## "Absolutely Truthful" Show Debuts in Moscow

THE U.S.S.R.'S MOSCAVISION IS broadcasting a new program in which individuals who defected to the U.S.S.R. recount the horrors of life in the U.S.A. and Europe. The show's title is "Lucky to Be Alive." The guests will be portrayed by Russian actors due to the inability of Western defectors to speak fluent Russian, but MoscaVision producer and show-host Dmitri Slugin asserts that the program is "absolutely truthful." The following is an excerpt from the first show:

DMITRI: I congratulate you on your narrow

escape from the vicious struggle for survival in the decadent fleshpots of America. You are a lucky man.

"FRED": Yes, lucky.

DMITRI: What things convinced you the only sane place to live was the U.S.S.R.?

"FRED": These things are too many to list in one program, even a program of several hours such as this one.

DMITRI: Incredible! But I believe you completely. What are the worst things about life in the West?

"FRED": These are too disgusting to mention before television audience of honest workers and children.

DMITRI: Then you are truly lucky! Perhaps I should say *lucky to be alive*? If only all

hooligans and dissidents were watching program!

"FRED": Yes, that's it, *lucky to be alive!*

In other episodes, a businessman tells how having too many TV channels made him crash his limousine, a housewife recounts how having too many channels drove her insane, and a student tells how having too many channels made him too lazy to work. The 240-minute show is broadcast to all Eastern bloc regions except those without TV transmitters or receivers, and is aired on Monday, with repeats on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. ■

### Fun with Names

IF SHERE HITE MARRIED RALPH WAITE and they had a daughter and named her Breadth, she'd be an overbearing feminist asshole with pretensions toward serious acting. ■



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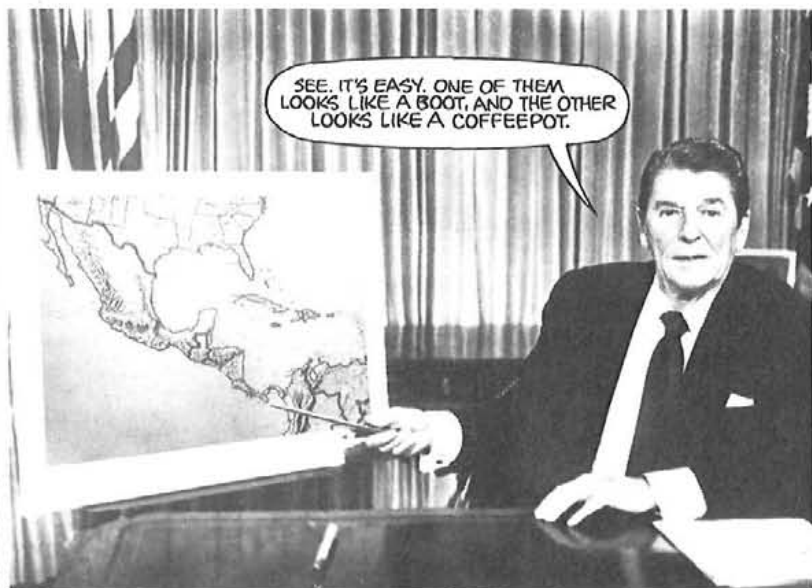
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# Reagan Gets Central America Shock

A SURPRISED PRESIDENT REAGAN HAS been informed that Central and South America are not part of the United States.

Expressing his dismay at a press conference, the president said, "Gee, I'm sorry. I just assumed that, because they were called 'America,' they were part of our country. I guess I just figured they consisted of some states I'd never heard of. With fifty states, you know, it's hard to keep track of them all."

The president was asked if, with his new understanding that these places didn't belong to us, he might consider pulling back all the troops he'd sent there. "Well," Reagan mused, "until now, obviously, I thought our troops belonged there as they would in any real, legitimate part of our country. However, if there are a bunch of Spanish-speaking people down there using our country's name without permission, they've probably got some kind of angle or another, and I think it's still a good idea for us to keep an eye on them. For all we know, maybe the reason they took our name is that they're hoping other nations like the Arabs will become confused and ship them the oil and vital commodities that are really meant for us. And we'd all better stay pretty alert here in Washington, because they may decide to apply for



Discovering it's not part of the United States after all.

things like highway and school aid, hoping their ill-chosen name will fool us, too."

An angry president concluded, "Naturally, we're going to do everything we can to see that this kind of flagrant plagiarism is stopped. First we'll appeal to the world courts to

make sure that, when we began our country, we didn't take out some kind of copyright on the name 'America.' After all, it is one of the international scene's major brand names. Then we could sue those countries for encroachment, and collect ourselves a tidy little sum in damages." ■

## Bronx Bombers Blown to Bits

**J**UST HOW INVINCIBLE WERE the 1927 New York Yankees?

That was the question intriguing Pentagon researchers recently as they turned to the sports realm for a possible clue to survival in the event of a future nuclear attack.

Martin Cruller, chief researcher at the Pentagon, programmed the ultrasophisticated R-2X computer to pit baseball's all-time greatest team against the 1966 Orioles, 1976 Reds, and the Pershing II missile.

Cruller said the Yanks swept to easy four-game victories in the first two series, but did not fare too well in the third matchup.

"Well, the Yanks scored two runs in the top of the first," Cruller explained, "but then they were blown away—quite literally, I'm afraid—in the bottom of the inning. After their turn at bat, we launched the missile. It struck inside the dugout—a little to the home-plate

side—and the players were, well, kind of irradiated.

"There was no real reason to continue the series. Obviously, we were all quite disappointed."

Cruller said that the Pentagon intends to continue testing other renowned athletic "invincibles." The next computer program, for example, pits Jack Dempsey against Muhammad Ali, Larry Holmes, and the MX missile. The Pentagon computer will also be programmed to match up sports champs with environmental disasters—for example, pairing the 1967 Toronto Maple Leafs with a Japanese tsunami, and placing gymnast Kurt Thomas inside a volcano.

Cruller said he hoped the computer matchups would provide a clue to surviving disasters—nuclear or otherwise. "Either way," he said, "we plan to pass our findings on to the UCLA Medical Center, for research on sports-related injuries." ■

## IN MEMORIAM



"I seem to be a past participle."



# Make two great kids happy this Christmas!

RONALD G. HARRIS



That's George and Howard up there. They are in charge of merchandise sales for *National Lampoon*. Make their Christmas a merry one by buying *National Lampoon* gifts this yuletide. They get a bonus if we sell a lot of these gifts, so really go crazy. In addition to making George and Howard happy, you'll make the recipient of such Christmas delights as the

*National Lampoon* baseball jacket, *National Lampoon* special editions, and other holiday traditions euphoric. *National Lampoon* gifts are Christmas! Like the hearth, the wreath, and the goose.

Make this Christmas a happy one ...  
For everybody.  
God bless you!

## National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

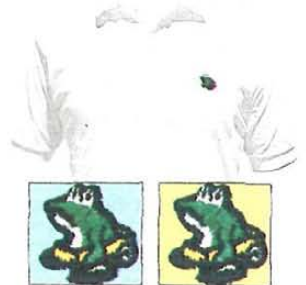
Say it ain't so, Joe" with this all-new Black Sox jacket that celebrates the pathological liar, cheat, and scapegoat in us all. It's slick-looking, with a genuine silklike feel. Looks great while you're sitting on the bench watching everyone else play.



(TS-1030) ..... \$31.95

## National Lampoon Frog Shirt

These incredibly popular polo shirts sport the magazine's distinctive, distinguished symbol, a double-amputee frog. This poor fellow is your guarantee that you are wearing the finest. Anybody can wear an alligator. You or the recipient of your gift will be very special with "The Frog." Available in white (\$12.95), yellow, or blue (\$13.95).



(TS-1035) .... \$12.95, \$13.95

**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition**

A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Elegantly rebound for your library or coffee table, to read, to show off.



(BO-1032) ... \$19.95

**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I**

Part One of a two-part series containing the very funniest *National Lampoon* material ever published.



(BO-1033) .... \$4.95

**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II**

Obviously Part Two of a two-volume series, containing the other half of the very best *National Lampoon* material ever published.



(BO-1035) .... \$4.95

**National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World**

*National Lampoon's* latest record album, featuring "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Apocalypse Now," and more.



(A-1004)...\$8.98

**National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) \$3.95

**National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt** The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$4.95

**National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$6.00

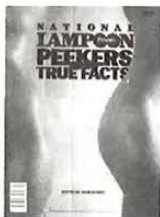
**National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** The clearest example of fine droolery issued. A sequel to the High School Yearbook Parody, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) \$4.95

**National Lampoon's Old-style Animal House Baseball Jersey** Traditional-style Animal House baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese. (TS-1028) \$6.00

**The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and a basic field of superstars who used to be part of the *Nat Lamp* family, on record. (A-1002) \$7.95

**National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts**

The latest special edition off the *NatLamp* presses. Here's a collection of the most hilarious, honest-to-goodness True Facts ever collected.



(BO-1038) ..... \$2.95

**National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey**

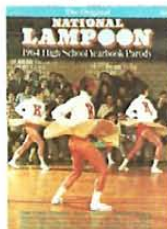
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) ..... \$6.00

**National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody**

The most popular American book of parody ever published. A must for anyone who ever attended high school.



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition ..... \$4.95

**National Lampoon's Animal House Book** Again, for fans of the film. Tells the whole story plus, and also has loads of photos and illustrations. From the biggest comedy of all time. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

**That's Not Funny, That's Sick!** Phonograph album that includes Bill Murray, Christopher Guest, and other great talents on wax. (A-1001) \$6.95

**National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn one above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity. (TS-1029) \$4.95

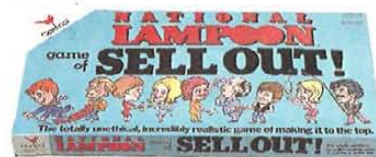
**National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Specially crafted so that you sweat and laugh at the same time. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95

**National Lampoon True Facts** A lot of funny stuff that actually happened, printed on smear-resistant shiny paper. (BO-1036) \$2.95

**National Lampoon White Album** Features the Perrier Junkie, Fartman, God, and other old favorites, with professionally produced music. (A-1003) \$7.95

**National Lampoon Duffel Bag** A canvas bag for your T-shirts, baseball mitt, and old *National Lampoons*. (TS-1033) \$13.95

**National Lampoon's Game of Sellout**



Play the totally unethical, incredibly realistic game of making it to the top. With just a couple of breaks and bluffs, you can make your move out of the daily grind and into the fast lane. All you have to do to win is... well, lie and cheat!

(GA-1001) ..... \$10.00

**National Lampoon Foto Funnies**

If you love Foto Funnies, you'll want to give or keep this book of the best of that art ever published in the magazine.



(BO-1034) ..... \$2.95

**National Lampoon Frog Sweater**

This handsome, comfortable sweater is for those who want to look as if they went to Choate but actually went to a public school outside of Detroit. It's a looker, actually handwoven by machines. Available in gray and black.



(TS-1038) ..... \$19.95

**National Lampoon Hat** Simply and marvelously a piece of headgear, sort of like a baseball hat only not worn by any players anywhere. (TS-1032) \$5.95

**The Best of National Lampoon #5** 1973 and '74 were vintage years for the humor crop. Some of the great jokes in this fine volume are only just now reaching the fullness of their maturity. (BO-1008) \$2.50

**The Best of National Lampoon #7** Contains the best humor satire of the years 1975 and '76. Some of the guffaws in here have been classified as sizable by men who build large ships. (BO-1014) \$2.50

**The Best of National Lampoon #8** Recently published, this collection is held by professors and the clergy to be the epitome of humor collections. (BO-1025) \$3.95

**National Lampoon Good Parts (1978-1980) (Best of #9)** Our latest collection of ribaldries, drooleries, and everything you need to perform the natural functions, with the exception of toiletries. (BO-1026) \$3.95

**The Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** A hundred and a lot of odd pages of comics. Very funny comics. (BO-1011) \$2.50

**Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** The most complete and authentic collection of diverse vulgarities, scatologies, misogyny, etc., ever released. (BO-1030) \$4.95

**"Save the Frog"  
Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt**

Next time you play polo inside Madison Square Garden and the lights go out, no one will have any problems passing the ball to you. It's a great-looking long-sleeved shirt, 100 percent heavy cotton, that is masculine but cute and emblazoned with everyone's favorite nonjumping frog.



Great as a winter gift (hint, hint... wink, wink).

(TS-1039) ..... **\$9.95**

**National Lampoon's "Vacation" T-shirt**

If you liked the movie, you'll love the T-shirt. You'll be a standard-bearer for the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two.



(TS-1037) ... **\$5.95**

**National Lampoon Football Jersey**

Remember how Fran the Scrambler looked in his *National Lampoon* football jersey? Well, you can, too. Just put the shirt on, toss the ball to the nearest girl, and tackle her in the mud. It's guaranteed you'll both love the shirt.



(TS-1036) ..... **\$12.95**

**National Lampoon Binders** (Vinyl binders with metal rods) (BN-1001) **\$4.50 each, \$8.00 for two, \$10.50 for three.**

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**National Lampoon Binder** (BN-1003) with all twelve issues from 1975. **\$20.00 each.**

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Please indicate what *National Lampoon* products you would like us to send for Christmas. Enclose check or money order. Place in envelope and send to:  
**National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1183  
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
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MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Circle one:**

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Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00 and \$2.00 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

**Redistribute the humor with a gift subscription.**

Please read the gift coupon carefully and fill it out according to the directions. If you want to send more than one gift subscription, please type or print the information and send it along with the coupon and the required payment. As soon as we get your order, the recipient(s) of your gift will get a Christmas card from the *National Lampoon* telling them that you have sent them a gift subscription. Soon after, they'll get their first copy of the magazine.

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MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
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- Enclosed is my  check  money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in payment for:
- One-year subscription to *National Lampoon* ..... **\$9.95**  
 Two-year subscription to *National Lampoon* ..... **\$13.75**  
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If you have any special message you would like to send, please include it on a separate piece of paper attached to this coupon.  
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**A subscription for yourself? Nothing could be easier.**

Yes, I want to take advantage of this offer now. Send me a subscription. Here's my check or money order, payable to: **National Lampoon Dept. NL 1183, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

Sirs:

I'll tell you, audiences get tougher every year. Thirty years ago I killed with my ad libs about Ike and Adlai. Now I'm lucky if they get polite applause.

Bob Hope  
Ninth Hole, Fla.

Sirs:

It costs lots of money for our ambassadors and negotiators to fly to trouble spots around the world, and usually they don't accomplish anything anyway. To help balance the budget, anyone connected with the State Department will now be required to fly to these trouble spots via standby fares. Rather than renting a suite of rooms at a fancy hotel, they must now lodge at youth hostels. In addition, they are to eat only at franchised hamburger chains.

Cost-Conscious Accountants  
State Department

Sirs:

I know that you can win five hundred dollars if you spell out COCA-COLA with Coke bottle caps. What do I win for spelling out BONER with them?

Dick Maltzman  
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

I have given my own middle name to my new line of acid-based makeup, called Vidal Cosmetics.

Gore Sassoon  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

A fun hobby of mine is to go to auctions and then pretend to bid for stuff like famous paintings or fancy horses and similar shit. Only I don't have any money. So later they have to put the painting or the horse or whatever back in the auction ring again, only this time they never get the same money they could have gotten originally. It sure does make for a fun Sunday afternoon.

Brandon Skylark  
Sotheby, N.Y.

Sirs:

Juice Newton! All right! C'mon, guys, the Juice is coming to town! What do you mean you have plans? It's Juice!

Juice Fan  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

We are the Concerned Citizens for a Better World. We want to make the world a better place to live. First, it would be nice if the world were flat, with no big hills. That would be better

for walking. And all the water should be warm enough to swim in, everywhere, and it should never, ever snow again, so no one would have to shovel driveways. Also, if we were all rich, the world would be better, and it would be good if people wouldn't run over cats, and if Hawaii were closer to Kansas. The world *can* be a better place, but you have to really work at it. And be concerned.

Concerned Citizens for  
a Better World  
Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:

I've got a corner on the musical memorabilia market. You want a Marv Johnson belt buckle, a Tommy Roe wallet, or a Freddie Cannon '61 Tour T-shirt? I'm the man to see.

Ed "Too Hip" Smith  
Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce stresses that our city is not—repeat, *not*—in any danger from the so-called San Andreas Fault. *Absolutely* not. We would, however, like to remind everyone that females with breast sizes exceeding a 38-D limit are prohibited from jogging braless anywhere within the city limits. Thank you.

San Francisco  
Chamber of Commerce

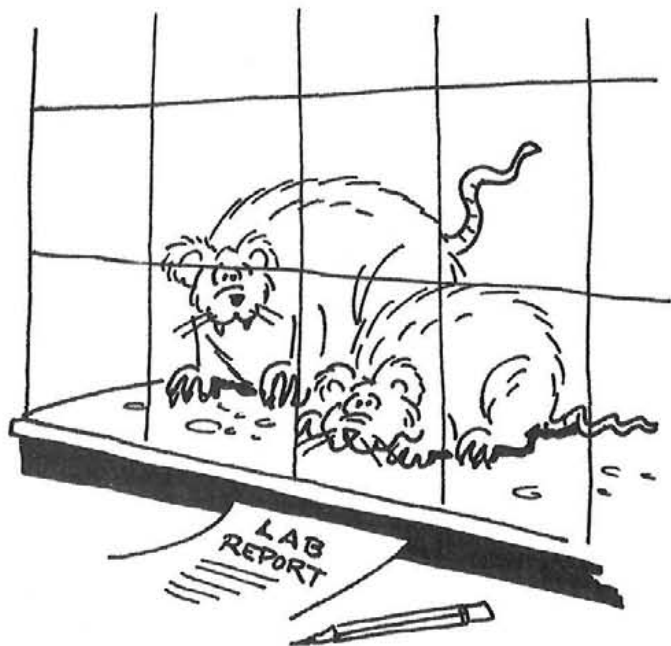
Sirs:

I have a confession to make. I didn't *really* hit all of those home runs. Ya see, Judge Landis and Lou Gehrig and me were sitting around getting shitfaced one day and we got to thinking, "Geez, what if someday they let darkies play this game? They'll hit a shitload of homers and baseball will go straight into the crapper. I mean, what self-respecting white person is going to watch a sport where black guys set all the records?" So we decided then and there that we would just pick some arbitrary number that was so outrageous that no human could ever possibly reach it. Gehrig suggested three million. What an idiot, we figured. No wonder they named a disease after him.

Now, I was pretty heavy into ludes in those days, so I suggested 714. And Judge Landis liked it because it was the number on Joe Friday's badge. Anyway, that's the real story of how I "hit" all those home runs. I guess maybe we shoulda listened to Lou.

The Babe  
Off the right-field wall  
Home-run heaven

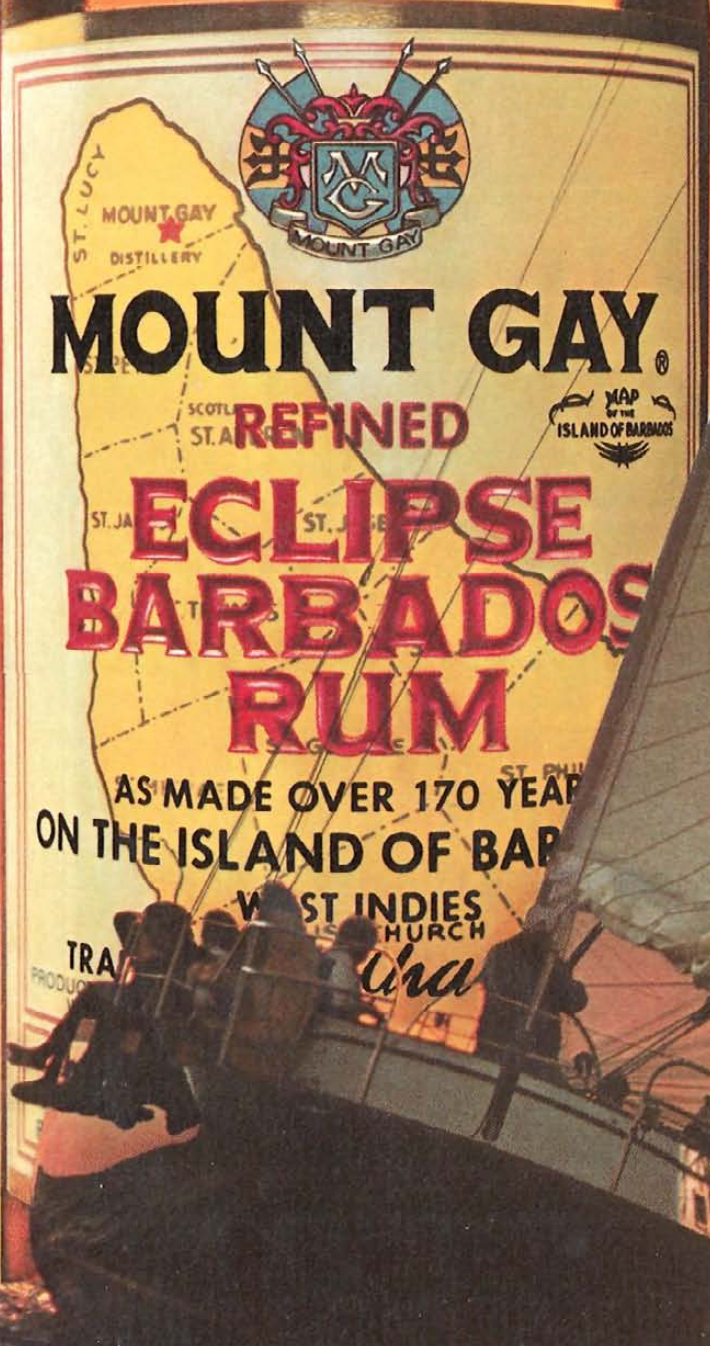
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)



NELSON-DIANA

"What's the massive dose du jour?"

Worth paying the price for.



The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction... no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.

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From Mount Gay, the world's finest rum, comes an exciting collection of jackets for people on the move.



**A. ECLIPSE YACHTSMAN**, from America's premiere manufacturer of nautical wear. This handsome jacket goes anywhere. Poly-cotton shell with nylon lining. Insulated pockets and collar. Raglan shoulders. Knit cuffs and waist. In Navy Blue with Camel sleeves. A head turner! For men & women. Sizes XS-XL. Retail value \$69.50. Eclipse price \$34.95.

**B. ECLIPSE HIKER**, Fun and Functional. Water repellent finish. Nylon taffeta with drawstring hood. Elastic waist and cuffs. Folds into its own zip pouch with unique waist belt. Great looking! In Navy Blue. For men & women. Sizes XS-XL. Retail value to \$19.95. Eclipse price \$9.95.

**Mount Gay Eclipse Collection Order Form**

Please indicate item, size, and quantity ordered. To order send check or money order to Mount Gay Eclipse Collection, Post Office Box 9445, Charlotte, NC, 28208. Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date. Please add \$2.00 handling for the first item ordered, and 50¢ for each additional item ordered. Residents of North Carolina add 4% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Item	Size & Quantity					Price Each	Total
	XS	S	M	L	XL		
Yachtsman						\$34.95	
Hiker						\$ 9.95	

THIS SPECIAL OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 1, 1984

HANDLING 4% SALES TAX (N.C. Only) TOTAL DUE

VISA #     MASTERCARD #    Exp. Date

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Name (Please Print) \_\_\_\_\_

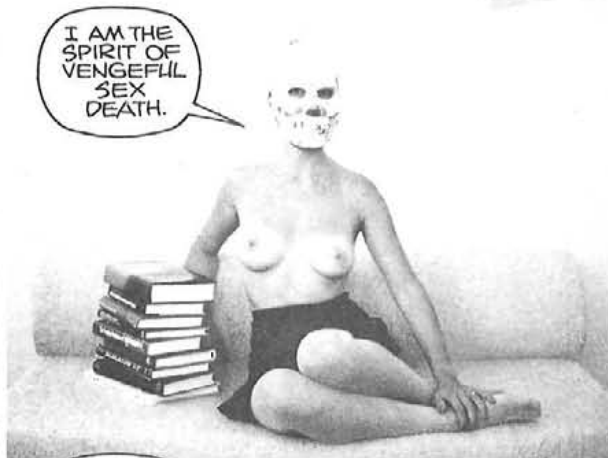
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

80 Proof Rum, © 1983. Imported by "21" Brands Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

# FOTO FUNNIES

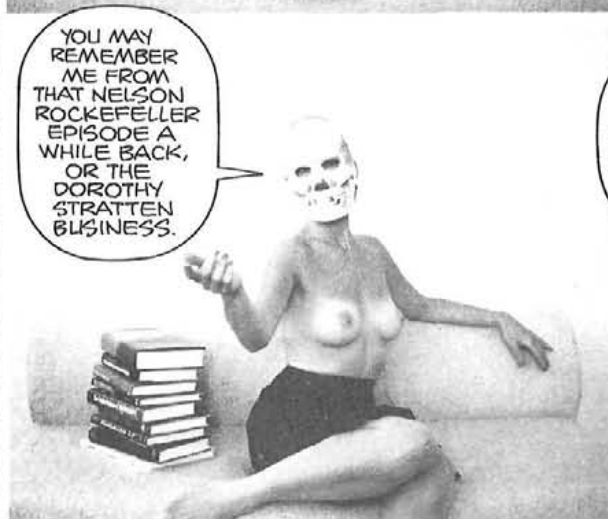
I AM THE SPIRIT OF VENGEFUL SEX DEATH.



I MAKE AN APPEARANCE EVERY FEW YEARS TO DISPATCH SOMEONE PARTICULARLY ANNOYING.



YOU MAY REMEMBER ME FROM THAT NELSON ROCKEFELLER EPISODE A WHILE BACK, OR THE DOROTHY STRATTEN BUSINESS.



I'M SORT OF LOOKING FOR A NEW VICTIM, BUT UNTIL I FIND SOMEBODY DISGUSTING ENOUGH I'M CATCHING UP ON MY READING.



TAXI!!



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:

If only Meat Loaf had heeded the omens all around him: Stuffed Eggplant was dropped by Asylum Records. Potpie had fallen off the charts like a brick. And of course the tragedy of Corned Beef needn't be rehashed here.

Macaroni 'n' Cheese  
*Leftover, Tenn.*

Sirs:

Oscar Wilde is at the Customs desk. The official asks if he has anything to declare. Wilde says, "Nothing but my jeans." Get it? Not genius, *jeans*. Use your editorial influence to get me a job writing ads for Gloria Vanderbilt or Bill Blass and I'll arrange it so you get free jeans for the rest of your lives. Is it a deal?

An Out-Of-Work Writer  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Here's Oscar Wilde at Customs. An official asks if he has anything to declare. Wilde looks him up and down, sees he's another queer, and replies, "Nothing but my penis, you brute." Could you please call the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Tourism Branch, and push them to hire me as a copywriter? You'll never lack a place to sleep in San Francisco. *I swear.*

A Writer, Still Out Of Work  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Oscar Wilde again, at Customs. The health inspector asks if he's got anything to declare. Wilde guiltily confesses, "Herpes II, writer's cramp, and AIDS." The health inspector denies him entry, explaining that if Mr. Wilde had been more sensible about his sexual partners he'd be free of disease, except possibly for the writer's cramp. Look, could you phone the New York Health and Immigration Department and see if they need a publicist, for chrissake? And *hurry*, I'm running out of Oscar Wilde jokes.

A Former Lecturer on Oscar Wilde  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Why do we aliens visit Earth secretly, then quickly disappear? We'll level with you. The only reason we visit your planet is to get improved video reception for "The Jeffersons." Once the show is over, we be gone.

Jefferson Fans  
*Around the galaxy*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

## Isn't It About Time You Sold Out?

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Sirs:

Because of a typographical error, the budgets for the Pentagon and the Public Broadcasting Service were accidentally switched. Since the budget has been approved and everything, it's too late to change it. So, for next year the Pentagon is going to have to approach corporations for sponsorship and possibly hold some fund-raising auctions. Although Xerox has agreed to fund the cruise-missile program, and IBM will handle the payroll of the Navy, some of the other activities of the Pentagon will probably have to be curtailed. I tell you, we're going to be a lot more careful in the future.

Sen. Sam Nunn (D.-Ga.)  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You know what we like to do for fun? We watch MTV, but we turn the volume down, then we turn on the radio and listen to the all-news station. It's really cool, especially when you can watch Pat Benatar and listen to Paul Harvey at the same time.

Kids Whose Parents Took  
a Lot of LSD in the Sixties  
Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

I'm a dog. The food is pretty bad, but I do enjoy embarrassing women by shoving my nose into their crotches. I mean, I have to do something for amusement.

Prince

*Locked in the kitchen again*

Sirs:

Here's a little something to curdle the cream in your coffee. I awoke Sunday with a lump in my throat. Nothing odd about that? Well, when I was brushing my teeth, I found a string in my mouth. Yuck-ola, eh?

Bozo Peterson  
Wauconda, Ill.

Sirs:

I like to go on dates and tell guys they're super and so much fun to be with. But it's a lie. I just like free dinners.

Annette Delph  
Tacoma, Wash.

Sirs:

Every five or six years a musical version of Charlie Brown comes around, and the cast is always a bunch of summer-stock actors who look about as

much like the Peanuts gang as I do. That is why I have decided to go ahead with my incredibly fiendish plot: inflating children's heads with gas to make them look like the Peanuts gang. Little children with enormous bobbing heads, their mouths stuffed with bread crumbs and library paste so that lines like "Millicent Fenwick would never have thrown her tennis racket, Charlie Brown" sound right. And what of Snoopy? Snoopy will be played by Shamu the Man-eating Whale at Sea World. Happiness is a drawer full of warm socks, Charlie Brown!

Charles M. Schulz  
Smurf City, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Penis nose glasses actually improve your vision. So go put yours on now. Everything is a lot sharper and in better focus, right? Huberman, stop laughing. You klutz, he would have believed it if you hadn't laughed. Well, no hard feelings, then. You sure looked funny in those.

Al the Pal Driscoll  
President, Practical Joke  
Optometrists Society

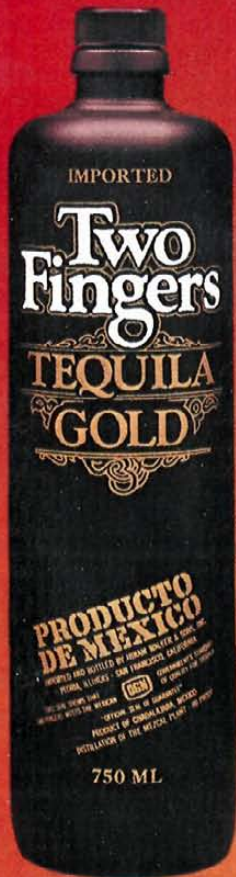
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Sirs:

Just what is all this crap I heard about Ben Johnson bein' a playwright? I've seen ever damn picture he's been in, an' the man's one *helluva* good actor, but he ain't no friggin' playwright! He can barely write a *letter*, from what I've been told.... An' if he *did* become a playwright, he wouldn't go droppin' the "h" outta his name like that! That's not half of it—some jackass went an' said he's a "contemporary" of William Shakespeare Shakespeare Shakespeare—"The Barred," an' how the hell could that be when *that* guy's been dead for over fifty years?!

I just wanted to set things right for all the dyed-in-the-wool Ben Johnson fans out there. The man rides a hell of a horse, an' he's one great actor, but as for *writin'*, he couldn't sign his own name by hisself....

Charlie T. Barnes  
Fort Worth, Tex.

Sirs:

There is too much sexual promiscuousness going on. Herpes is God's judgment upon an effeminate and homosexual universe.

J. Edgar Hoover  
Hell

Sirs:

Other motel owners might have "No Pets" regulations, but not me. In my

twenty years in the business, no dog ever set fire to his bed with a cigarette while in a drunken stupor or left drinking-glass rings on the end tables. I never caught a cat stealing my towels, and I never had to eject a bird or turtle on account of wild parties. More to the point, no pet ever skipped on his bill. Yup, pets are welcome in my motel. And so are you people, if you can find an animal that'll vouch for you.

Arnold Testosterone  
Sleeppeeze Motel  
Route 66, Calif.

Sirs:

Know why I can't go home again? Because I'm dead, that's why.

Thomas Wolfe  
Homeward Cemetery, N.C.

Sirs:

After brother Billy spent six months in that naval-hospital drunk tank in California, we all thought his cure would take. But last week I got suspicious when I found out that all his gas-station pumps were filled with Wild Turkey Proof 102, even though everybody knows gasohol went out with Fritz and me in 1980. Then last night I went over to Billy's house to tell him Momma was in the hospital again, and when I flicked on the bedroom light I saw he had one of those vodka decanters shaped like a "M\*A\*S\*H"

IV unit sitting on the nightstand, and can you believe it, the sonofabitch had the damn thing going into his arm, IV and all. So I slipped some Drano into it to give us all a break.

Jimmy Carter  
Plains, Ga.

Sirs:

Dozens of llamas are ransacking my kitchen. I don't know where they're from or how they got here, but I want them out immediately.

Lois Frenz  
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

One a dees days Ah's a-gonna escape from here! Oh, Lordy! Jest wait 'tils Ah bursts from behind de cereals and de spices and de other syrups! And Lordy, Ah's a-gonna drop down on dat oven, and den hop down on de floe, and den Ah's a-gonna go out de doe and go clear on to Canaan!!! Praise be, oh Lordy! Ah's a-comin'! Ah's a-comin'!

Aunt Jemima  
Uncle Tom's Cabinet

Sirs:

There's a tribe of deaf-mute pygmies in darkest Africa that performs an elaborate set of rituals regarding the local climate. They have rain dances, sun dances, wind dances, everything. In other words, it's the only place on earth where everybody does something about the weather but nobody talks about it.

Roger Grimbsy  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Sure, I'm an overbearing asshole, but I make more money in one week than you can make in your whole life. And don't you forget it, putz face.

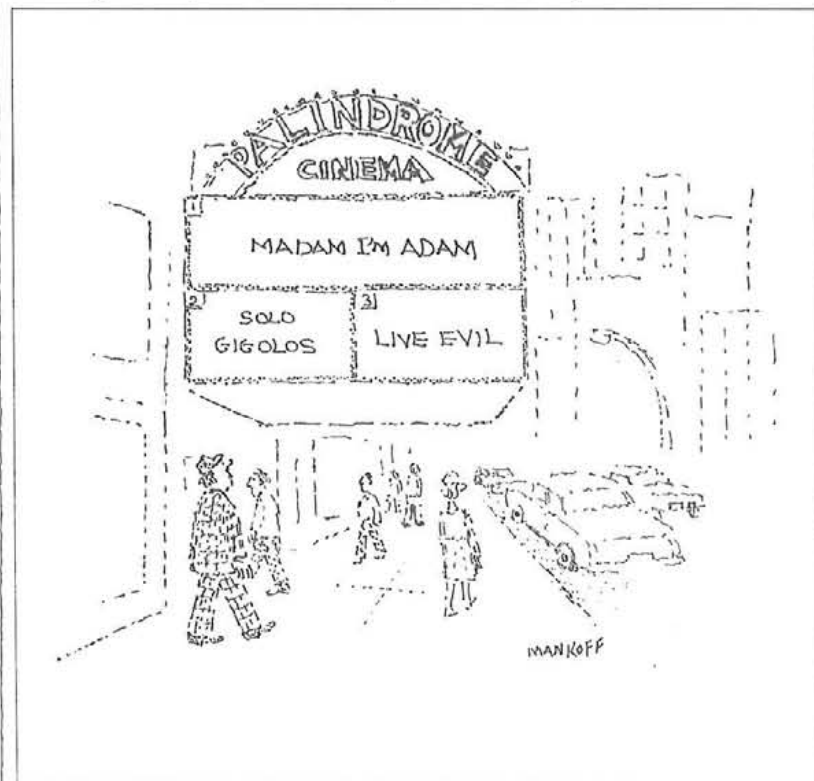
Alan King  
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

Hey, I really like your magazine. You guys are really funny. Look, it's pretty obvious you guys write your own letters, and I was kinda wondering if you might, you know, maybe take one of mine. I know I'm nowhere as funny as you guys, but I thought you might give a longtime reader/fan a break. But mostly what I want to know is, do you guys pay by the word for your letters or what? Is it by the word? Well? Well? Well? How are you I am fine today it is a nice day yes it is hello hi when were okay no yes fine bad good loud soft and then the world was a happy time.

Richie Blackmore  
Bronx, N.Y.

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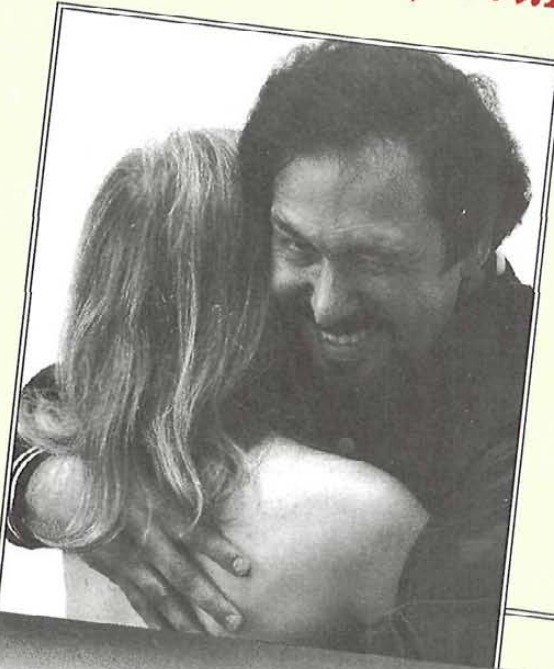


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# Lying, Laying & Leaving

by the author of PERSONS and PERSONHANDLING

Leo Busgcalia, Ph.D.



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FAUCET  
CONCEPTS

ELLIS WEINER, EDITOR \*

## On Touching You Everywhere All Over

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU TONIGHT about touching. As you know, I am a people toucher and a people lover and a people undresser and a people taker-to-bedder. Naturally this gets me into trouble sometimes—people say, “Oh, that crazy Busgcalia, all he wants to do is go to bed.” And it’s

true! But I have discovered something very important lately and I would like to share it with you.

It is that you cannot take someone to bed. We like to think that we take this one or that one to bed, but it’s wrong! That’s not where it’s at, man! We can only be there so that someone may allow us to go to bed with them. All my life I have thought of myself as a lover, as a human being who takes other human beings to bed for loving. But

recently I read a wonderful little book. I don’t know if you’ve read it yet. It is called *Galleria Slut*, and it has a beautiful little section which I would like to read to you:

Kimmi stared appreciatively at Bob’s swollen love staff.

“I want to do it to you in the stockroom of Intellitoys,” Bob murmured to her huskily.

“You’re not, like, doing anything ‘to’ me, okay?” Kimmi said in an impudent manner.

**\*Editor’s Note:** Webster’s defines “editor” as “one that edits.” I’m honored to be able to perform that service for these lectures, which I have transcribed from tapes of Dr. Busgcalia’s speeches to various groups around the country. I think they are important because thousands of people pay good money to read them. I hope you will, too.—E.W.

"'Cause it's, like, we're doing it, like, to each other, right?"

Isn't that fantastic! Here is this young lady, and this Bob dude is coming on to her with the usual macho line about the man doing it to the woman, and she says, "Hey, man! We're in this love thing together!" So that is what I want to talk to you about tonight—about being in things together. About being in bed together.

We have such big beds today! When I was growing up, some of you may know, I came from a big happy beautiful family. My parents were far out. My papa was a wonderful man—and my mama! She was crazy! Insane! I mean it—she was a certified paranoid schizophrenic! She was out of her mind!

And we shared—my goodness, did we share! We shared a small house, and a small bathroom—we even shared the same bed! All of us—Mama, Papa, my sisters and brothers and the postman and my teacher from school—all of us slept on that one big-bed. And it was beautiful. We carried on and explored our being and we *felt!* We felt each other! We weren't afraid to open up to one another. Or to put ourselves inside of one another. None of us got a min-

ute's worth of sleep. And do you know something? It didn't matter! We knew we were alive! Next day, in school, we slept.

But today we have a separate bed for everyone! A bed for Johnny, a bed for Susie, a great big queen-size bed for Mother and Father. It's a distancing phenomenon. We have beds the size of football fields and we're going crazy with loneliness or horniness because you have to hike for three days across the bed to find the other person. Then when you find them they say, "Leave me alone, I'm sleeping." Sleeping! In bed! When someone I'm in bed with tells me they're sleeping I shake them and scream, "What about love?" *A distancing phenomenon!*

So when I say we have to touch each other, I mean in bed. But I also mean everywhere. We must touch each other everywhere on our bodies, because there isn't always a bed where you are. I wish there were, but there isn't.

It reminds me of a time I was giving a lecture in San Francisco. And as some of you may know, there are a great many gay men in San Francisco, so consequently the straight women of San Francisco sometimes have difficulty finding a partner for sex. Well, I

had given my speech—my usual ranting and raving about touching and hugging and all that kooky stuff—and a very attractive young lady came up to me afterward and said, "Busgcalia, you talk a good game, let's do it right here."

I said, "But there isn't any bed!"

And this beautiful creature said to me one of the most fantastic things I have ever heard. Here was this lovely young lady, presenting herself to me to practice what I had been preaching. And Busgcalia, like the fool he sometimes is, worries about a bed. But this girl—a fabulous girl, with a truly beautiful body and wonderful, wonderful tits—looks me right in the eye and she says, "So fucking what?"

I freaked! I went crazy! And we did it right there on the stage and it was beautiful, man.

So please, touch each other and touch yourself. Thank you.

## Fully Hug My Intimate Body

I'VE ASKED THAT THE LIGHTS BE LEFT on in the auditorium because I need your eyeballs to see what I want to show to you, and I need to be able to see that you see. It's like a little poem I once wrote. I was scheduled to speak before a group of educators, and was going over my speech. And you know how it is when you speak a great deal in public. Sometimes you get lazy, and you think, "Oh, I'm so tired—I'll just give them my usual education speech."

But then I thought, "No, Busgcalia, be alive or don't live life at all." So I wrote a little poem to make the speech fresh, and I'm going to read it to you tonight. It's entitled "Why I Want the Lights Left Up in the Audience."

I need your eyeballs  
To see my balls.

And I truly mean that. Because I want to show you my balls. So look, here they are.

I don't know about you, but I am absolutely in love with the concept of being a human being. Because to be a human being is to be able to do something that no other species of animal in the world—in the universe!—can do. And that is, have sex with Suzanne Somers. Not that I've ever done it! But I'd love to! I know what most of you are thinking. "That Busgcalia—what a weirdo! Suzanne Somers! She's a skinny bleached-blond no-tal. Who wants to have sex with her?"

But I think that a true lover of human beings will want to have sex with Suzanne Somers even if she isn't the  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



"They're all just conversation pieces, sir, but they're fully guaranteed conversation pieces."

# WORKING GIRL

NOVEMBER 1983 \$2.00

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**ON THE RAG  
TO RICHES:  
THE FELLATIO  
ALGER STORY**



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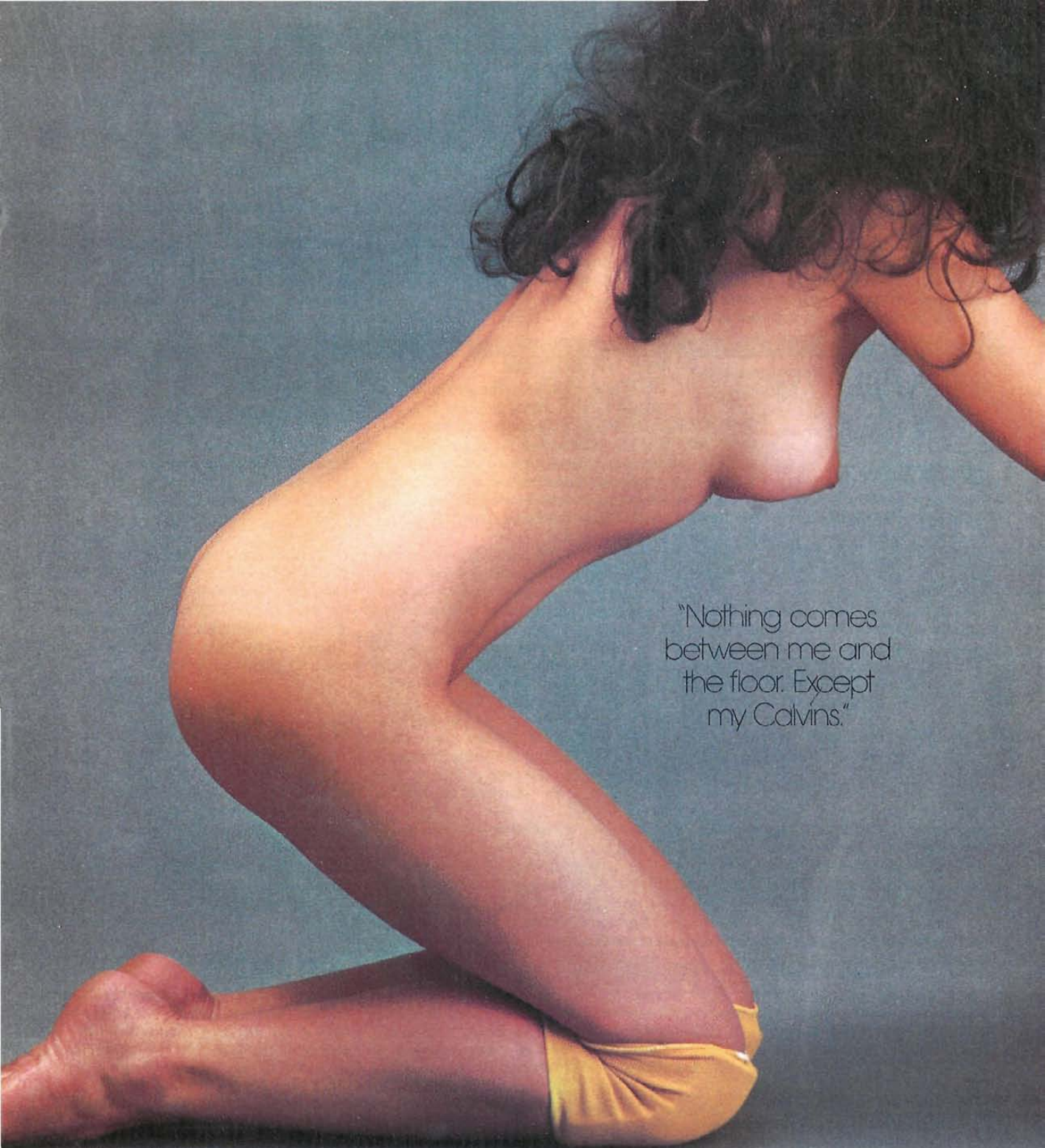
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On our cover, Secreta, courtesy of Emerald Green's Lincoln Tunnel Ladies, photographed by Love Muscle Watson

A photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair, kneeling on a blue background. She is wearing yellow underwear. Her body is angled towards the right, and her head is bowed. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her back and legs.

"Nothing comes  
between me and  
the floor. Except  
my Calvin's."

# Calvin Klein

Fashion kneepads for the working girl

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# LETTERS

## STOMP ON IT!

This year, on the anniversary of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire, working girls from all over the United States and Canada will get together for a potato-salad picnic at the base of the Statue of Liberty. A turnout of more than 50,000 working girls is expected.

After lunch, we plan to scramble to the top of the statue, stuff ourselves into her majestic torch and then stomp up and down crazily until the whole thing collapses. Why? 'Cause its *great* having a career!

See you there.

Tiny Fields  
Wilkes-Barre, PA

## CHOKO ON IT!

Congressman William Gulch of Idaho has recently introduced legislation that affects the lives of every working girl in this country. The congressman's bill, HR 550, would enforce the death penalty for those convicted of "sidewalk solicitation."

Everyone should write to the congressman protesting this unfair law. Ask him, "Where would you prefer us to work? Grabbing people's ankles from subway grates? Proffering our wares from beneath parked cars and trucks? Are you willing to accept the consequences of having us doing our business underneath cars when alternate-side-of-the-street parking changes? We would certainly think not!"

These congressmen have a lot of nerve. When are they going to stop clogging our overworked judicial system with more legal hairballs? When are they going to crack down on the real offenders—the burglars, the rapists, the dolphin killers? Let's come to our senses here!!!

Ginny Mae Ellsworth  
Indianapolis, IN

## GET IT RIGHT, JACK

I was seriously misquoted in your April issue. To begin with, I did *not* say that 90 percent of working girls today still get their pimps' coffee in the morning. I said that they let their pimp call them "Coffee" in the morning.

Another thing: I did not say that many working girls have been entered on pages in the *Congressional Record*. What I said was that many working girls are entered by pages from the *Congressional Record*.

And finally, I did not say that working girls earn 51 percent as much as working boys for similar work. Although it's true.

Dr. Bentley Hash-Wiper  
Washington, DC

## TRULY BODACIOUS

For the last few months, the foxes in my stable can't talk about nothin' but *Workin' Girl*. So the other day I asked one of them to

read it to me. Hey, it's all right! Lively, well-written. I could get behind it, right?

I especially liked your piece about how to keep your face from getting hit when your pimp lashes on you. Now I know what to expect, and I'll still crack their mouths. Thanks for the info, and send me a year's prescription.

Earl "The Slick" Pearl  
Harlem, NY

## PAY UP, BUSTER

I must take exception to certain attitudes expressed in your article "Giving It Away." While I have always been an advocate of responsible capitalism, the idea of "voluntary tithing," as you have expressed it—making every tenth trick a freebie for a handicapped person, hard-core unemployable or representative of the American Cancer Society—seems a bit much.

As I see it, a free market is a free market, and any attempt to tamper with that market constitutes a flirtation with danger. I'm sure I speak for the majority of my colleagues when I say that we already pay far too much to the government in the form of cigarette tariffs, highway tolls and sales tax on non-food items in the grocery store. Now you would have us take that practice one step further by providing sex to the very people who should be out actively seeking it themselves, thus robbing them of the incentive to become productive and responsible members of society. And don't kid yourself—handjobs fall into this category as well.

I'll admit that capitalism is at best a flawed system, but I'd like you to name me a country where a different form of government has resulted in greater opportunity and a higher standard of living. Need I bring up the nation of Sweden, where sex is so undervalued and overabundant that legions of prostitutes there starve to death every year?

I would suggest that we take our cue from Japan, where a man who finds he cannot pay for sex realizes that he is a drain on society and promptly leaps from the top of the nearest tall building. As far as I'm concerned, your suggestion that working girls "give it away" 10 percent of the time and then go around trying to convince their fellow hookers to do the same endorses nothing less than jawing victory from the snatches of defeat.

Milton Friedman  
Washington, DC

## GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR

I just loved your article "Black Sluts in Congress," with its foolproof, step-by-step guide to becoming a prostitute/legislator.

It has always been my special dream to peddle my ass in the United States House of Representatives, but I never thought it was possible for a cheap Negro whore with seven

children and no education past the fourth grade to be elected to that august body, let alone be permitted to service other members of Congress for pay right there on the House floor during a roll-call vote on aid to El Salvador. After reading your article, however, I put together a modest campaign organization and have every hope of beating my opponent, a fat-cat Long Island Jew, in next spring's primary.

I just never knew it was so easy!

Selena W. Jones  
New York, NY

## HIRE EDUCATION

Since I'm in the middle of serving a 30-day sentence for loitering with intent down here in Waco, I was fascinated by your article "Harvard Business School vs. the County Jail."

I do have to admit that I learned more about whoring in three years at Harvard than I could pick up in this joint doing 10 to 20. A degree from a prestigious Ivy League graduate institution is worth a lot out there on the street, particularly now that times are rough. I'm not surprised that a lot of working girls today are going back to school.

Pam Morris  
Waco, TX

## IT RUBS OFF

With all this sexually communicable disease going around, I've seen a lot of girls getting really sick and dying, and I thought it might be useful to tell you the stages I've observed in them:

1. Anger. 2. Regret. 3. Fear. 4. Acceptance. 5. Going out and infecting every goddamn person they can find.

So now you know.

Elizabeth Upyer-Ass  
Los Angeles, CA

## JUST ASKING

I'm a financially independent working woman, so naturally when I saw your magazine at the checkout counter at Ralph's I picked it up. I've just started flipping through it, though, and I can't seem to make any sense of it at all. You've got all these weird articles with titles like "AIDS Insurance: Is It Worth the Money?"; "Investing in Heroin As an Inflation Hedge"; "L.A. Bids Adieu to the \$25 Blowjob"... Wait a minute—now I understand.

Okay, so I made a mistake. While I'm here, though, maybe you could answer a question for me. Do you ladies enjoy sex?

I know I don't.

Rhonda Veljiswadski  
Los Angeles, CA

All letters to the editor become the property of WORKING GIRL magazine. The editors reserve the right to translate into English.



# MEMORANDA

Tricks, picks, licks, dicks. This month: bedsores, pillow disinfectants, hairy reams, Velcro brassieres, self-cleaning diaphragms, the Victoria Principal method, stretch-mark makeup, the 69-cent vasectomy, tongue depressors and more...

## FANCY FOOTWORK

As indicated by last month's Reader Poll results, foot fetishists comprise one of the fastest-growing segments of the buying public. But how's a hardworking working girl supposed to walk for miles each day and still keep her feet pleasant-smelling, supple and resistant to disease? Hey Sailor Shoes offers one answer: the Podophile's Delight. Available

in a wide variety of colors, sequin shapes and platform heights, the Podophile's Delight comes with one feature you won't find on other shoes: a rubber squeeze bulb containing a refillable mixture of moisturizer, deodorant and spermicide, with a hint of penicillin just in case. Greaseless and invisible to the naked eye, the special blend in Podophile's Delight will take a load off your mind as well as your feet. Hey Sailor Shoes, \$29-\$69, at Alexander's, K mart and Jane Fonda's Workout. —Thistle Tapiggi



## QUIET PLACES

Perhaps the most annoying aspect of streetwalking is the continual shelling out of 20-dollar bills to tenement owners, all for 15 minutes of time in roach-infested rooms. Now a new book called *Alleys of the U.S.* (\$49.95, Orgone Press) puts an end to all that.

*Alleys*, with separate chapters for the 25 biggest American cities, lists dark streets, unpaved pathways and little-known gutters, invisible to passersby but with plenty of head room. An intriguing section on dumpster sex is included. —Erin D. Wold

What makes this love doll different from all the rest? Your voice! "Trickster of Amour" (\$995), created by Love Pros International and not available to the general public, has a tiny shortwave receiver in its mouth, ready to relay whatever messages you whisper in from a remote microphone. With the Trickster, you can pick up a john, and then get him to wait in the bathroom while you douse the lights and "get under the covers." When he starts coming on, you'll be there to whisper words of encouragement—from a comfortable, sanitary vantage point in the closet! Enjoy a leisurely cup of coffee while you earn your living. (Note: Be sure you and your client have a clear understanding before use, as certain acts may result in electrocution, unless that sort of thing doesn't bother you.) Love Pros International, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. —Jan Kerr

# MBJ MEETING/BEATING JOHNS SELF-EMPLOYMENT

**Pimping for yourself can be a smart move, say women who've done it. But, unless you're tough, it's no bed of roses**

**BY GYNNIS GASCHSTEIN**

**W**orking girls who have made it almost uniformly point to a single factor that's been crucial to their success—the presence of a competent, hard-driving business manager. It's up to the business manager to handle bookings, keep track of accounts, scout the competition and, perhaps most importantly, provide the steady stream of narcotics that transforms an ordinary runaway Midwestern teenager into a mindless, sleepy-eyed slut capable of just about any act, however dangerous or degrading.

Without the friendly advice and emotional support of a business manager, most working girls would probably have given the whole thing up and gone back to Nebraska.

But times are changing, even in the oldest profession.

Take the case of Marilyn P., in many ways a typical Hollywood streetwalker.

A couple of years ago, in a rare moment of lucidity, Marilyn realized that out of the roughly \$186,000 she'd grossed in the past year, her take-home amounted to about \$3,200. She considered ways of cutting her expenses. For instance, she was spending a whopping \$22,000 a year on drugs she wasn't even addicted to.

But by far Marilyn's biggest business expense was her business manager, Sonny "Barracuda" Lewis, whose cut came in at slightly over \$150,000.

So Marilyn, taking the advice of Big Al, the semi-retarded parking-lot attendant of her Hollywood Boulevard apartment building, did something that thousands of working girls today are doing. She became her own pimp.

It wasn't easy. Sonny Lewis, understandably, wasn't eager to release her from her contractual obligations.

Fortunately for Marilyn, however, the problem solved itself when the Barracuda was found grotesquely axed to death in the parking lot of Marilyn's Hollywood Boulevard apartment building.

## PROS AND CONS

In today's market, pimping for yourself provides a particularly attractive alternative if you've got the brains—and the balls—to go it on your own.

But there are pitfalls to consider, according to Annie L., a former Fort Lauderdale prostitute who now serves as an independent consultant. "Taxwise, you lose some big deductions by being self-employed," she warns. "Also, you could easily get yourself killed."

Moreover, there are psychological obsta-

cles to be met. Marilyn P. and others like her face problems that range from deep doubts about self-worth to something as simple as just finding a reason to get into bed in the evening.

Janice J. has been freelancing since her pimp sold his interests to one of the giant multinational firms that have begun to buy up the small independents.

"I couldn't see myself as a faceless cog in a huge corporation," she relates, "but I didn't begin to foresee the difficulties of trying to make it on my own. I think the biggest hurdle I had to overcome was a certain sense of complacency instilled by the absence of a big, mean Negro with a knife who owns me."

Psychiatrists say that motivational prob-



lems such as the one Janice J. describes are common among working girls without managers.

"Deep down," explains Dr. Antonio Morales, who, as far as we could ascertain, was not associated with any hospital, university or professional organization, "these women love having the scaly, tumorous cocks of old men jammed down their throats, but they've been conditioned by society into a certain reluctance. It takes the gentle prodding of an understanding manager and sometimes even drug therapy to overcome these socially imposed barriers."

It comes as no surprise to the experts, then, that prostitutes without pimps have such difficulties. But just what do they do about them?

## OVERCOMING PROBLEMS

Some, like Janice J., find that it helps if they beat themselves up every now and then. "A friendly slap or two isn't enough," she

confides. "Sometimes you have to mess yourself up pretty bad, put yourself in the hospital for a couple of days. It'd be pretty awful, except that you know you love it, you filthy little slut."

For many, financial incentive plans have worked. Corinne Q., an Atlanta bull dyke who turns tricks with men strictly for money, has devised a complex stock ownership trust for herself that we don't pretend to understand. Every blowjob means another contribution to a tax-free IRA account.

Other women, lacking the keen financial insight that seems to go hand in hand with lesbianism, withhold narcotics from themselves until they have to cooperate.

But I guess that sort of thing comes as no news to you bimbos, does it? You're all the sort of scum that makes me ashamed—yes, ashamed—to be a woman. All men's darkest

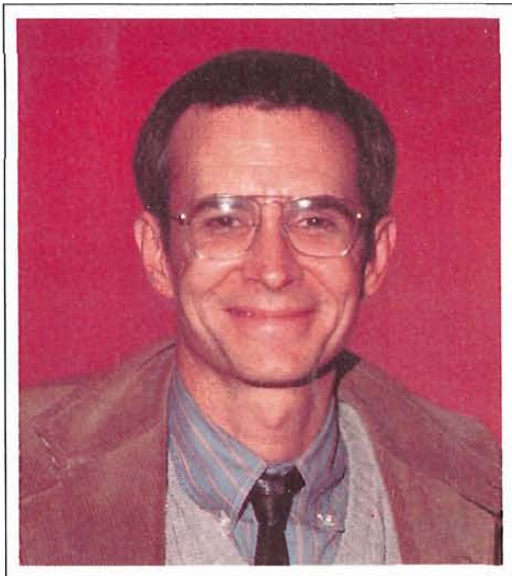
myths about women are confirmed whenever they see one of you subhuman fucking machines parading her wares on Broadway or Sunset Boulevard. It makes me want to puke.

And here I am, an intellectual with a fucking journalism degree from Bryn Mawr, stuck in Minneapolis churning out drivel on a second-grade reading level for a magazine that caters to upwardly mobile prostitutes, just because I'm a woman and as such am thought of as unworthy of even a glance from the self-proclaimed gods at those fucking male-dominated bastions, *Time* and *Newsweek*. Just because I live in a stupid, middle-class, capitalistic society that wouldn't recognize talent if it came up and wrapped its sore and swollen lips around its limp, bourgeois cock.

Ooooh, it makes me sooooo mad! ■

*Glynnis Gaschstein, a regular contributor to WORKING GIRL, has updated her résumé more than 30 times.*

# Anthony Perkins talks about his first time.



bly seedy bar...

**INTERVIEWER:** *Ah, the plot thickens.*

**PERKINS:** You want to stop interrupting me? Anyway, I was at this dive, and who approaches me but maybe the ugliest, most beat-up and obviously diseased woman I'd ever seen in my life.

**INTERVIEWER:** *And you said, "This is my chance"?*

**PERKINS:** No, I said "Lemme outta here!" I lost my nerve completely.

I was just getting ready to leave for the YMCA when she handed me a glass and said, "Try this." It turned out to be Cumparti, straight.

**INTERVIEWER:** *And you liked it?*

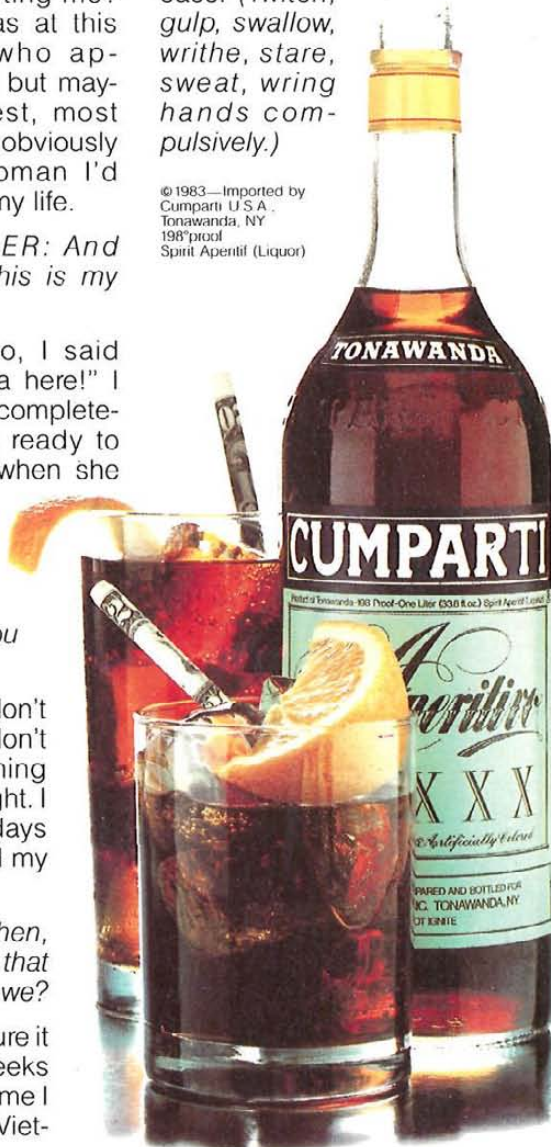
**PERKINS:** I honestly don't remember. In fact, I don't remember another thing that happened that night. I woke up naked two days later and couldn't find my wallet.

**INTERVIEWER:** *Well, then, we don't really know if that was your first time, do we?*

**PERKINS:** I'm pretty sure it was, because three weeks later my urologist told me I had the worst case of Viet-

namese gonorrhea he'd ever seen. If I ever run into that woman again, by the way, I'll stab her repeatedly and then mummify her shredded carcass. (*Twitch, gulp, swallow, writhe, stare, sweat, wring hands compulsively.*)

© 1983—Imported by Cumparti U.S.A., Tonawanda, NY 1987, 19001 Spirit Aperitif (Liquor)



## CUMPARTI. HE WON'T REMEMBER A THING.

# WORKING YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE TOWNS

It's harder than ever these days to leave the job behind and get away to recharge your batteries—especially when your boss tends to track you down and trash your hotel room

## BY LAURI LOON

**H**as this ever happened to you? After weeks of the usual grind and bump, bustle and hustle, you find yourself just burnt out, unable to perform at your peak capacity? So you throw a few things in a bag, leave a number where you can be reached, and head for paradise. And then what happens? A day or two later, the phone rings, and Mr. Iceberg Slim is on the phone, lookin' to mess your face if you don't get back.

It's harder than ever these days to get away for a few days' R and R, and more necessary than ever, too. But lately, the working-girl network has passed on the word of a great solution to the big problem: college towns.

What's the lure of college life for a working girl from the big city? As Velveta Slice, a girl from Boston's Combat Zone, likes to point out, "You can get some rest, do a little reading and pick up expense money from horny college boys. They are the simplest tricks in the world, and very, very appreciative, to boot."

In addition, working girls love the way that a college campus offers a perfect hide-away from flashy Cadillac-riding pimps looking for their runaway women. "The average pimp on a college campus," says Rosie X, from Chicago, "sends out shock waves like some kind of monster earthquake. You can sense him within a five-mile radius, giving you plenty of time to blow town before he finds you."

The secret to a college-town vacation is to keep a low profile and not let on that you're a working girl. If you do succeed in mixing a little business with your pleasure, according to Maxine Licorice, a working girl from Los Angeles, "it's best not to tell the young man that you're working, and after you have your fun just pull his wallet out of his pants, take what's owed you and move on."

It's important to fit into the scenery in a college town by dressing like an average coed. This means buying a basic preppy wardrobe—skirts, blouses, sweaters, sneakers or loafers, perhaps some jeans. Many girls have complained that dressing this way ruins their vacation. *Working Girl* suggests that, before you leave, you slit the skirt up the side, rip the arms off the blouses and sweaters and put heels on the sneakers. You'll feel better, and cut a foxy figure on campus.

The backpack is *de rigueur* for the coed these days—it's where she keeps all of her essential, day-to-day items, as well as books, notebooks and pens. Of course, none of these things will do you any good, and you still have the problem of how to conceal whiskey bottles, drug containers and sex toys in your nylon sack. The answer: a new line of hollowed-out books from Slag House, a mail-order company in Nevada. These books conceal everything, and really complete your coed ensemble.

When you get on campus, you'll need a place to stay. Any hotel or rooming house near campus is fine, since you'll most likely be sleeping elsewhere. One word of warn-



ing: *Don't* use your real name or a silly pseudonym such as Mary Jones. Your best bet is to check in as a visiting author: use the name Margaret Atwood, Erica Jong or Rona Jaffe. This technique may help you meet new people, as well.

A few other helpful hints for the college traveler:

- No matter how appealing the offer sounds at first, never, never stay at a fraternity. It's like having 59 pimps. And they don't even buy you pretty things, just beer.
- Stay away from state universities. There's



too much free talent to compete with there.

- Eat at the dining hall, but avoid anything called "surprise" or "melange."

- Make sure you adjust your rates according to the activity you're involved in. For example, when a student asks you to spend the night, it will be a far different experience from a night with a sex-maniac middle-level executive. Expect to play video games, listen to records and talk about his posters. Remember, if he mentions "Squeeze," he'll probably be talking about a rock group.

Speaking of common student expressions,

these *might* get you into trouble if you misunderstand them:

**Blowing off a test.** This means failing an exam. It has nothing to do with bribing a professor with oral sex.

**Cramming.** Studying very hard for an exam. The only similarity between their cramming and yours is that the stuff comes out fast either way, and there isn't much left later.

**French.** See "Greek."

**Greek.** See "Italian."

**Italian.** A language course. Mandatory for most students.

**Sixty-nine.** The grade received in most language courses.

**Pulling an all-nighter.** Studying without sleeping. Has nothing to do with sustaining an erection.

**Joystick and Power Pill.** Video-game expressions. ■

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*Laurie Loon has been living at Ivy League colleges for seven years now and has encountered her former pimp, Mr. Lotto Lovin', only once—when she mistook him for John Houseman at the Harvard-Yale game.*

# MONEY "DAT'S CAPITAL"

**Don't be a dumbass about accounting and inventory: LIFO and FIFO can make you the number-one ho' in your pimp's stable**

**BY PUDENDA JONES**

**N**ow, the average working girl often take in hundreds, maybe even thousands, of dollars every night she on the street. But, when she end up the night at Havè-A-Doughnut with a bunch of her friends, she pretty much be lookin' at bus fare and maybe an extra twenty. Who got the difference? Her pimp! No wonder she be raisin' her arms up and saying "Money! Who knows?!"

Understanding how money operate as an accepted exchange of value in a capitalist economy be easy—as easy as understanding why your pimp keep crisp hundreds in a big money clip while the average john carry a balled-up wad of paper in his pocket.

If you want a bigger piece of the pie, you got to educate yourself to the system. In order to become a number-one ho' for your pimp, you got to begin to work for him in ways other than making him scream "Momma!" when you do the thang.

How valuable be you to your pimp? Let's take this simple quiz to find out:

1. How much you take in in a night?
2. How many nights a week you work?
3. What do your pimp have to earn in a taxable environment to equal his take-home pay from you?
4. Do your pimp enjoy the free use of your body?
5. Do your pimp increase his stature in his community by "bragging on his bitch" to those who might be lending him money when he in a cash-tight situation?

You don't need an MBA to see that you be easily worth two to three times your actual earnings. But don't be gettin' uppity. You got to realize the enormous risks your pimp be exposing himself to every working day. He the one who get his face smashed by another pimp if you walk on the wrong street. He the one who got to get you out of jail when you get rounded up. He the one who got to get your daily dose of horse for you.

If you want to get a bigger piece of the pie, you going to have to enter a cooperative working relationship with your pimp. Many ho's be doing the same thing now in their pioneering effort to change the nature of their workplace.

## WHERE THE MONEY GO

The first thing you got to understand is where the money go. Let's say you do an "around the world" with a trick and collect the standard \$100. In fact, you might even be collecting an extra \$25 'cause he want you to take a little something extra for yourself.

Now, you walk back onto the street and give the pimp the hundred. He slap you

around for a while, and then tell you how much he love you, and you end up handing over the other \$25.

Maybe you be thinking, Hell, he made a big \$25 profit off me right off the bat. Don't be jumping to conclusions. As Mr. Glistening Pearl, a self-employed pimp in Times Square, often say, "You got to use money to make money."

Mr. Pearl claim that the first expense in any pimp's business be development money. "This be the money you spend to get those pretty young things right off the bus lookin' right and feelin' good. I figure I spend about \$20 out of every \$100 for development."

The largest expense Mr. Pearl have to deal with be operating capital. "Basic operating capital be what's also known as 'walking-around money'. This cover my wheels, my threads, my jewelry and my perfume."

Although he operate primarily in an "impulse" marketing industry, Mr. Pearl claim to spend, on average, "\$7.50 of every \$100 for advertising and promotion. This usually go to bellboys and elevator operators."

Mr. Pearl then give each girl a generous \$25 from every \$100 they earn, "unless she be a scuzz bitch that night, when I just empty her purse and leave her cryin'."

Although Mr. Pearl seem to be a hard man to work for, he have to be that way: as you can see, he spend \$102.50 out of every \$100 to operate his business. And this do not include his employee pension plan.

"I sure wish I had a momma who could hump down on some accountin' once in a while," Mr. Pearl say.

## LIFO AND FIFO

Mr. Pearl point to a crucial need in the pimp

business: people who be having a working knowledge of inventory and accounts management. With a little effort, you too could be mastering these basic business principles, and on your way to being the number-one ho' in your pimp's stable. In return, your pimp gonna love you for saving him from loan sharks and other types.

Big American corporations, the kind that be employing middle managers who go on business trips and pay to have you in their rooms for a night, be utilizing two basic accounting systems for their inventory: LIFO and FIFO.

LIFO stand for "Last In, First Out." This mean that the last girl your pimp acquired for his stable be the first girl to hit the streets that night. This way, he make up his product-development investment sooner, and—if she be tender and luscious—he start the night off in a high-profit position.

There be a problem with LIFO—when that girl come off the street, you need a good stable to take her place and back her up. If you only got skags to fill in, you be looking at a red-ink kind of night.

FIFO stand for "First In, First Out." What that mean is that the girls your pimp have had for a long time hit the streets early in the night, and the delectable young flesh walk out after hours. You save the pretty young things till last and have to wait four or five hours to recoup your product-development money, but it often relieve certain pressures on your "First In" stable.

So, if you want to be a smart working girl on the fast track to the number-one ho' position, start helping your pimp work his girls the smart way. He might even buy you a personal computer to help him more. ■

*Pudenda Jones is a consultant to Ho' Power, a working-girl temporary agency.*



Almost 2 out of 3 prostitutes prefer  
one of these panty liners.



Carefree®

This one.

True Freedom®  
Payday®

True Freedom® Payday® PantiLiners  
won't let your monthly flow interrupt your cash  
flow. They're truly soft. They're lightweight.  
And they give you a choice between maximum  
protection and maximum profits.

The liner working girls like best.

TRUE  
FREEDOM®



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# LYING, LAYING...

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)  
greatest actress in the world, or doesn't have the most beautiful face, or the most fantastic body. After all, what are you going to do? Wait around for Jacqueline Bisset? Good luck!

Because do you know what will happen if you wait around for Jacqueline Bisset? You will go mad, and they will send you to a mental institution, where not even Suzanne Somers will be able to visit you.

We know how to do everything in society today except have sex with movie stars. Then the sociologists turn around and tell us that we're a "sick" society. Sick? I say we are dying! We are dying from not being able to have sex with movie stars.

We have forgotten how to love life. And what is the most powerful, far-out aspect of life that a man and a woman can experience? In my opinion it is sex. So, in my opinion, we have forgotten how to have sex with life.

And it should be so easy! Why can't we just run up to life and say, "Hey, man, let's make it." Why can't we be spontaneous and free enough to hug life? After all, life is all we've got! If it

weren't for life, we'd be dead!

But how can we do that? How do we know we're fully and truly living life? By having sex. Sure, we all want to have sex with movie stars. But why not with lecturers? Why not with public speakers? Why not with a kooky, wondrous guy who stands up here holding out his balls in front of you and says, "Love me!"

I wish I could hug every one of you here tonight, although of course by that I mean every woman. I truly mean that. Because hugging—isn't it wonderful?—is no problem. It's pretty easy to hug people you don't even want to kiss. Believe me, I've done it thousands of times. I've hugged old women, little girls, nuns, lesbians—even real dogs and pigs and other women who make Suzanne Somers look like Jacqueline Bisset. I truly want you to believe me when I tell you that hugging is no problem. It's worth it, because from hugging you get to see who's really groovy and you can take it from there.

That's another good reason for leaving the lights on in the audience—so you can see what's out there. In fact, I want all of the women in the audience to take their blouses off. Right now. Don't be shy! Don't go into a panic and say, "But Busgcalia, it isn't nice," or

"I'm ashamed of my breasts," or "That's sleazy." We are human beings! We have bodies! I have a body! I'm showing you my balls, aren't I?

We have forgotten how to be fair. We have forgotten how to live life. We have forgotten how to take off our blouses when a man shows us his balls.

Instead we have words. Words! "No." "Shut up." "You're filthy." "I'm leaving." WHAT DO I HAVE TO SAY TO GET YOU GIRLS TO TAKE YOUR SHIRTS OFF? Do I have to use words? It's not enough to be a human being, with feelings and a body? Do I have to say "I love you"?

All right! I love you! Now take them off! All of them—you, too, in the corner over there.

Good. Now let's live a little. Now come up here and fully hug my intimate body.

## The Art of You Taking Your Clothes Off

**I** KNOW I AM SUPPOSED TO SPEAK TO you tonight on "Counseling Strategies for Dyslexic Dysfunction Among Single-Child Families." And I will, but first I want to tell you about something that happened in the lobby just ten minutes ago. Now you're wondering, "What's with Busgcalia? He lures us in here to talk about reading disabilities, and now...!" But believe me, this is more important. I really do want to talk about dyslexia, and I want to try to tie it in with another idea I've been thinking about, concerning the art of you taking your clothes off. But I learned something from what happened in the lobby and I want to share the experience with you.

I was greeting you out there, and a delightful young lady gave me a note. The note said—I thought it said—"I would really like to ball you after the lecture." Fantastic! I read it quickly and then I said to her, "Hey, babe—let's get it on!" And I did what I always do in those situations. I reached out to hug her—I love to hug, I'm insane for hugging, a hugging machine—and maybe I gave her a little feel here and there.

Why not? It's beautiful! We don't feel each other enough. No—it's worse than that! We don't let other people feel us enough. We're walking around like zombies, afraid to let even a man with a Ph.D. touch our precious little titties. It's crazy! You'd let your doctor feel your wonderful sacred boobs, wouldn't you? Well? I'm a doctor! They call me "Doctor Love," don't they? So big deal, I'm not an M.D. Has society become so confused and sick that only an M.D. is allowed to truly feel a woman? I desperately hope not.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



"Okay, a quick and merciful death. Now, what's your second wish, Mr. Thompson? Mr. Thompson... Mr. Thompson...?"



# A Visit to Play-Doh's Retreat

BY GLENN EICHLER AND JIM WILSON







# ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF *Peter Torpid* AND *Ellen Anodyne*









©83 SHARY FLENNIKEN

# The Roxanne Pulitzer Prizes

BY KEVIN CURRAN

T H E R O X A N N E P U L I T Z E R P R I Z E S

23 Sunfish Rd., Apt. 4-F  
Palm Beach, Fla.

November 2, 1983

Dear Pulitzer Prize Nominee:

Congratulations on your nomination for the Roxanne Pulitzer Prize for best divorce reporting of 1983. It's been a banner year for divorce reporting, and the many fine choices make it especially difficult to make selections, so please send in your seventy-five-dollar nomination fee soon.

You know, going through a divorce is a real downer, but the aftermath can also be rough. Some of the lights have dimmed in your life, and I'm not just talking about the tiny pale yellow ones they used to string up at the yacht club around Christmastime. You might even miss your mate and think, "Hey, he was better than eating tuna salad five times a week." To help cope with sudden onslaughts of ex-mate affection, the Roxanne Pulitzer Prize Foundation has set up a special Harassment Line, (305)555-7693 for women and (305)555-7694 for men. For the price of a call to the Sports Phone you can receive a taped three-minute diatribe by one of our trained surrogate spouses. I've enclosed a special card listing our current selections.

Well, that's about all for now. I know all of you will want to inform your readers of my new hot-line service. Remember to send in those fees, and see you at Happy Hour!

Best wishes,



Roxanne

## ROXANNE'S HARASSMENT LINE

For Women  
(305) 555-7693

- TAPE 1 This Meat Is Inedible
- TAPE 2 What's in Those Boxes?
- TAPE 3 Get Off the Phone
- TAPE 4 I'm Not Getting All Dressed Up for Your Relatives
- TAPE 5 Do We Have to Go Out Tonight?
- TAPE 6 Put On the Waitress Uniform

For Men  
(305) 555-7694

- You Could Have Called...
- What's More Interesting. That Newspaper or Me?
- Have You Been Drinking Again?
- I Need a Little Money
- Aren't Expensive Clothes Wonderful?
- I'm Too Tired



# Prestigious Awards Given, People Swim

Roxanne Pulitzer, former prime minister of England, needs no introduction. However, that is in a different universe, the one where Larry Hagman is twenty-three feet tall, there is no such object as a "pillow," people eat cream-cheese-and-rug sandwiches, and there are twenty-seven different ways to say, "Nice horse, pal."

Here on Earth, our Roxanne Pulitzer is the comely, recently divorced wife of publishing heir Peter Pulitzer. She can be found jetting to the glittering water holes of the rich more often than you change socks. There's Roxanne at Xenon's, dancing and laughing merrily. There's Roxanne at Palm Springs, gyrating like a drunken Bob Hope. And there's Roxanne smacking her lips and opening a bottle of Dom Perignon for breakfast. Oooooow, her head hurts from last night, but she's taking it all in good stride. There you go, Roxanne, tip the bottle over, slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y into the Corn Flakes. Good! Some people say she sleeps with men.

The Roxanne Pulitzer Prizes are awarded annually to newspaper reporters fearless enough to capture the Golden Trumpet. This year, Roxanne presented the trophies, and shared cocktails with the winners. Afterward she led an impromptu conga line into the hotel swimming pool for spontaneous three A.M. water gymnastics. "Whatta gal," remarked one drenched winner, and another could only say from the bottom of his heart, "Nice horse, pal."



## Best Reporting of a Totally Arbitrary Judicial Decision

Tom Charney—Boise Register

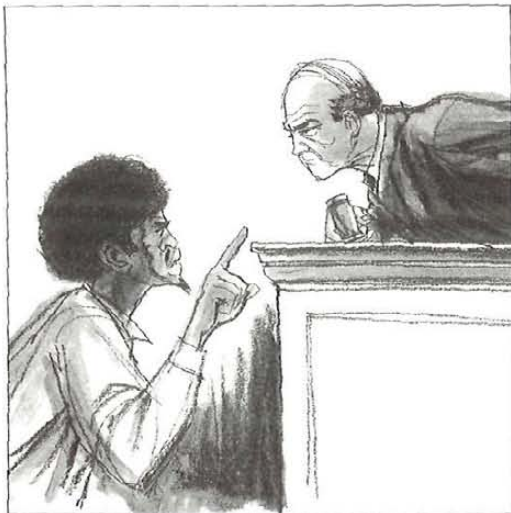
*Judge Broudy asked Mr. Lawrence if he'd ever struck his wife. When Mr. Lawrence replied negatively, the judge asked if Mr. Lawrence minded if he donned a flame-retardant rabbit suit, put on a bog hat, and smoked a meerschaum pipe as he whacked Mrs. Lawrence on the behind with a foam-rubber sword while singing "Little Red Corvette" in a whimsical "Negro" falsetto. Mr. Lawrence replied that he didn't feel one way or the other about the proposal. Mrs. Lawrence's attorney objected, but was overruled.*

*After the performance, Judge Broudy returned briskly to the bench and awarded Mr. Lawrence all money and property, the contents of Mrs. Lawrence's purse, and the custody of any child he could lure into his car during recess at a local junior high. Mrs. Lawrence received an invitation to stay at the judge's home indefinitely.*



Tom's acceptance speech:

"I had never worked on a trial at which the judge dressed up in an animal suit, so it was a segment of the judicial process that was new and exciting for me. I hope this came through in my reporting."



**Best Reporting of a Divorce in "The People's Court"**

**Sam Goober—Los Angeles Times**

*Judge Wapner shuffled through the documents, appearing chagrined. "Bailiff, this is a divorce proceeding. This is supposed to be a small claims court."*

*Before the judge could continue, Mrs. George Madison Adams broke in. "Small claims, huh? More like big claims and no action. Why, all he do all day is sit around drinking malt liquor on the porch, looking at that damn racing form."*

*"Say what?" responded the defendant, a freelance parking-lot attendant. "I got back problems, which is why I'm on the disability."*

*"Order in the court," commanded Judge Wapner, wielding his mallet with aplomb.*

*"Shut up, white bread," said Mr. Adams. "You ain't no real judge no more, anyway. You too testy and incompetent."*



**Sam's acceptance speech:**

*"The trial was very exciting, especially the part where Judge Wapner ordered Mr. Adams's execution the following dawn. However, the producer overruled him, and Judge Wapner went next door to a bar and mumbled into his beer for the rest of the afternoon."*



**Best Reporting of a Divorce Involving the Man Held Responsible for the "Teapot Dome" Scandal**

**T. A. Phillips—Charleston News and Courier**

*"Your Honor, I'm afraid my husband likes to dress up like Warren C. Harding, certainly not that unusual a practice in this day and age. But, Your Honor, he doesn't stop there, no, he insists on acting out playlets, mini-dramas, and scenarios in which Mr. Harding has the lower body of a great sea bass, pretending that our twenty-ninth president was actually a merman from an underseas continent. There are piles of scripts around the house that he's written featuring Warren C. Harding frolicking with whales in the Atlantic, playing merry pranks on tuna fishermen who try to trap his underseas pals, and rescuing Princess Ximmdahl, his one true love. And if I'm cleaning or something and move one of his precious scripts, why, he can get quite nasty about it, Your Honor; and I don't think I should have to relate the horrible indignities that a woman of good breeding can suffer at the hands of a man who feels he is a foam-slecked former Republican president."*



**T. A.'s acceptance speech:**

*"This topped last year's Andrew Jackson/Mars explorer divorce and in parts approached the sublimity of the man who believed he was James Monroe, circus dog. Perhaps Washington should send someone out here to look at the drinking water."*



**Best Reporting of a Divorce in Which a Hurlled Object Was Used to Reinforce a Point of View**

**Bill Sterling—*San Francisco Chronicle***

*After pausing to adjust her halter, Tammy Joe continued. "And so, Your Honor, after the radiator started smoking I was only able to drive it to the Cock and Bull, so I went in to play Ms. Pac-Man, you know, while I waited for it to cool off so I could go back and pick up the kids. So I just happened to be in a bar when David came over and said, "Hey, you like Ms. Pac-Man, right?" and I said, "Yeah," and we started talking. So we had a few drinks because it was 3-for-1 Night and we ended up driving to his house because he had an Atari there so it wouldn't cost anything to play, and I sort of fell asleep on the couch. And when I came home, Bobby got mad and threw the Mr. Coffee at me. It was almost brand-new."*



**Bill's acceptance speech:**

*I enjoyed covering this story very much, because it enabled me to get an essential overview of a complete world in miniature, a feeling such as a child experiences when holding a paperweight filled with artificial snow featuring a grouping of the major attractions in, say, New York City. This overview was, of course, of the world of white trash, a world full of frozen dinners, screaming*

*infants, makeshift systems for drying clothes, desperate arm-waving alcohol-induced diatribes, cardboard boxes filled with broken or soiled objects, toothless people carrying same, stale beer odor, forced weddings, odd psychic disorders, unwanted relatives sponging food and shelter for weeks, large bugs, '71 Ford Torinos, air conditioners that circulate warm air around the trailer, broken trikes, rubber balls that have been peeling in the sun, pregnant fifteen-year-olds, large sacks of generic potato chips closed by rubber bands, bad memories, and televisions with wire-hanger antennas. It was neat."*

## Special Citations

**For Meritorious Public Service**

**Reported by Craig Bingham, *Detroit Free Press***

*For relaying Judge Birch's comments regarding the divorce of Helen Reddy and Jeff Wald. "Jeez, you people are a couple of real slimebuckets, aren't you? C'mon, 'fess up, you are."*

**Best Reason for a Divorce**

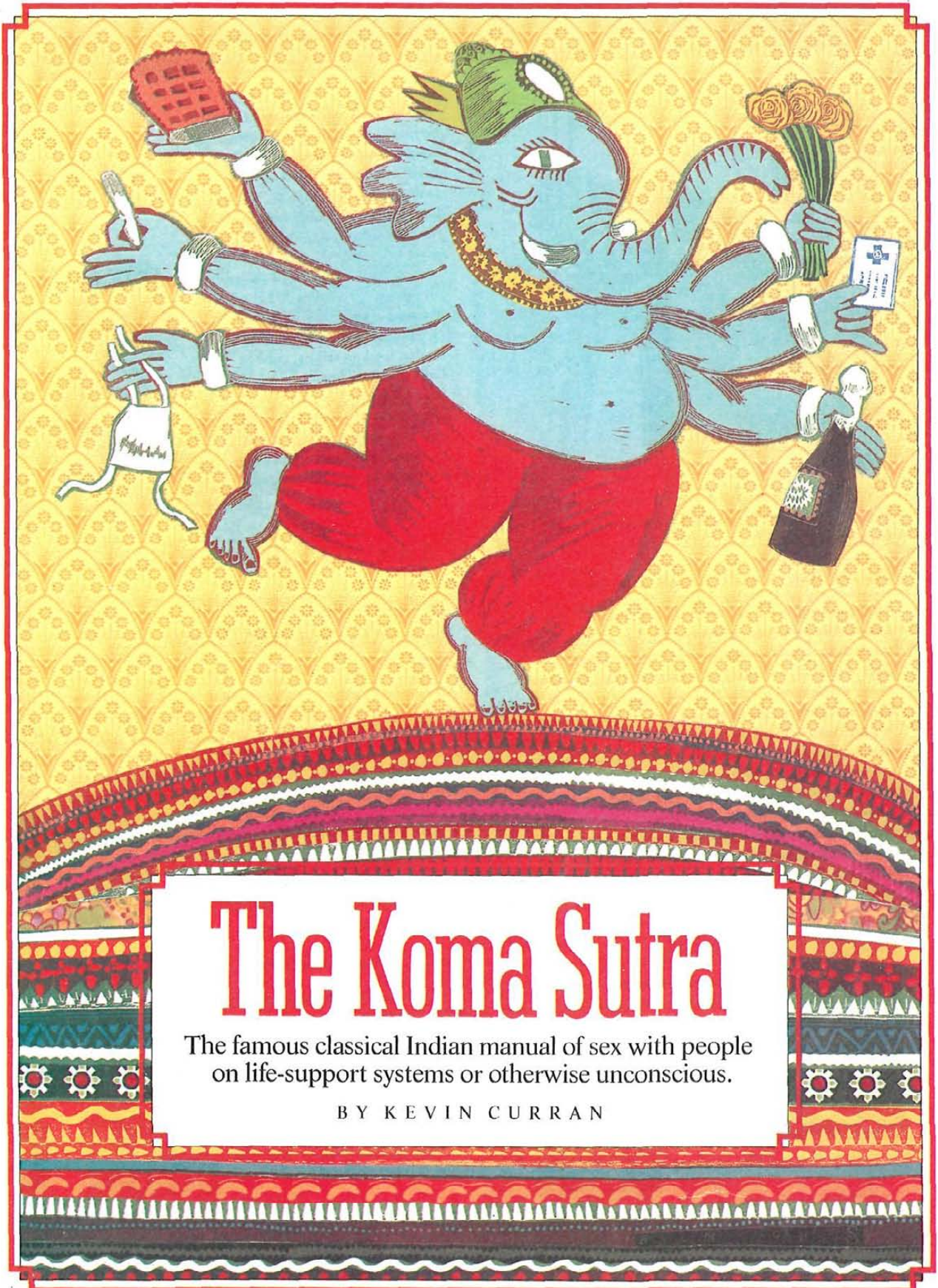
**Reported by Katie Rosomoff, *Arizona Star***

*"How would you like to be woke up every morning by a woman doing a Roseanne Roseannadanna imitation in your ear, before breakfast or anything? Not much, I bet."*

**Most Unusual Reason for a Divorce**

**Reported by Bill Noggin, *Hartford Courant***

*Mr. Wyman calmly explained to the court that he was seeking a divorce from his wife, Sally, because of her unrequited love for Tip O'Neill. "She's got Tip's picture everywhere, Your Honor—even on the ceiling in our bedroom." When Mrs. Wyman was cross-examined, she admitted her bedazzlement. "To me, Tip O'Neill is the ultimate sex machine. When I see him, I lose all control."*



# The Koma Sutra

The famous classical Indian manual of sex with people on life-support systems or otherwise unconscious.

BY KEVIN CURRAN

POSITION ONE

Hiding Behind the Door  
While the Nurse Leaves with Her Tray  
Full of Food and Magazines



*"When in doubt, be very sneaky."*

POSITION TWO

Peeking Down the Hallway  
to See That No One Is Coming,  
Particularly Busybodies



*"Who is that candy striper?  
No friend of Vishnu..."*

POSITION THREE

Looking Beneath the Sheets.  
Quite a Set of Mambas, No?



*"My heart is as brave as a log  
mistaken for an important member  
of the merchant class."*

POSITION FOUR

Checking Her Heart Rate and Finding  
That It's Rhythmically Pulsing  
Coded Instructions to "Buy Me Some  
Nice Flowers, the Yellow Roses  
That Cost a Lot of Money"



*"Krishna sez:  
There ain't no free lunch, bub."*

POSITION FIVE

"What Do You Need Flowers For?  
You Are Unconscious and Cannot See  
or Smell Them"



*"Speak bravely, as the mighty warrior  
whose  
AmEx bill is not three months past due."*

POSITION SIX

Purchasing the Flowers  
at the Hospital-ity Shop



*"That will be \$28.47, please."*

POSITION SEVEN

Running Off with the Flowers When You  
Realize You Have Only Enough Money  
for the "Hello Kitty" Styptic Pencil



*"A good pair of Nikes  
covers a multitude of failings."*

POSITION EIGHT

Undoing the Pajama Top



*"The breasts of an unconscious woman  
are worth a good-size town's  
library system, or a large airline's  
baggage-control setup."*

POSITION NINE

Getting In Some Quick Tongue Action



*"The tongue should be washed  
or spit-shined  
in a field where maidens dwell."*

POSITION TEN

Removal of Own Outer Garments



*"We may glorify Krishna by arranging  
our clothes in a big smile. Then again,  
he may not like this at all."*

POSITION ELEVEN

Being Arrested for Failing to Pay for  
Flowers



*"So close, you could almost taste  
a big honcho god's cocktail mixer."*

POSITION TWELVE

Sitting in Court Waiting for Your  
Case to Come Up



*"Strange and mysterious are the ways  
of gods with funny names."*

# LYING, LAYING...

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

Because if so, then we're lost! Goners! Pfft! We're kaputniks, believe you me.

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, the girl with the note. So I give her a nice hug and a nice little feel—and she freaks! She pulls back and says, "Stop it!" And I stand there thinking, "Busgcalia, you fool, what is this?" And she's in tears, this one, and she sobs, "All I wanted to do is touch your face!" Touch my what? My face? Then I think, "Hmm, Busgcalia, better recheck your primary source here." So I look at the note—and I freak! Because I had read it all wrong! It didn't say she wanted to ball me. It said she wanted to *Braille* me! To feel my face with her hands!

So what I want to say to you tonight is this: we have become a society of people with terrible handwriting. No wonder we're giving birth to children with learning disorders! No wonder half the kids in the schools are dyslexic! Who can read anybody's handwriting anymore? "Braille" looks like "ball"—and the doctors! The holy revered M.D.'s! They have their hands so full of women's breasts and everything else, they don't have time to practice good penmanship. Have you ever tried reading an M.D.'s handwriting? Impossi-

ble! And this is the example being set for our children by so-called doctors.

I would like to share with you a poem one of my students wrote for me last semester when I was teaching what they call "Love 1A" at the University of Southern California. That's not the real name of the course, which, frankly, I truly don't even remember from year to year. I just make up some smart-sounding name like "Affective Interactive Dynamics," and the kids all know it's just mad old Busgcalia and his outrageous love trip.

I know I could have a thousand students if I didn't limit the enrollment. A thousand students! A thousand bouncing, giggling coeds packed into an auditorium to listen to me quote Saint Expiree from *The Little Prince*—and it's college! People are getting degrees in psychology listening to Busgcalia shout that love is like ravioli! This— isn't it interesting?—is higher education in Southern California.

Anyway, as some of you may know, there is a theory that U.S.C. stands for "University of Spoiled Children." And that may be true. But even spoiled children are children, and deserve—no, not deserve! need! need!—our love, our emotional love and our physical love, too. And I had one young lady, a sophomore, I think, with whom I had an experience of physical love.

And I thought we had really shared something. I know I did! I shared something!

But a couple days later, after the end of term, I went to get my mail in the psychology department—one of those inhuman pigeonhole mailboxes that force us to be alienated from our own individual mail—and she had left me a poem she had written. I'd like to share it with all of you tonight.

What do you mean  
giving me a fucking B  
after I gave you  
Head  
in your office,  
Scumbag?

Now, as a poem, I think that's beautiful. She had something to say! She expressed her feelings! But do you know what the best part of the poem was for me? The best part was, it was *typed*! I could read it!

Please. I beg you. When you deal with a dyslexic child, make sure you type any poems you want him to read. Poor Johnny! He can't read because Mother's handwriting is—never mind. I hate words! Let's just all take our clothes off. I am always tremendously excited—and I hope you are, too—when I am about to have sex with a naked woman. Well? ■



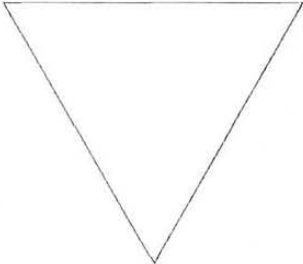


**HOW THE**

**OLD GIRL**

**NETWORK**

**WORKS**



BY FRED GRAVER

**T**HE OTHER DAY, WHILE VISITING A FEMALE PUBLISHING EXECUTIVE, I chanced to mention a mutual acquaintance to her. "Oh, I've met her," the executive told me, "but we've never networked."

Women certainly have come a long way from being an oppressed minority, kept down by a closed system of cronyism and incompetence known as the "Old Boy Network." Today, women have developed their own system of cronyism and incompetence, and they're making giant strides in the business world.

Not all women, though, know how to use the Old Girl Network. Many women executives think that networking merely means calling six or seven

people in order to contact another. (As in: I'll memo Kathy, who will take a meeting with Jeanette, who will present the project to Barbara, who will deliver a report to Rita, and then Rita can get back to Barbara and Jeanette, who will advise Kathy of their decision.)

This is *not* efficient networking, and the practice of such shoddy networking will surely lead to a great deal of after-hours drinking, just as men do when they belly up to the bar and complain about "Jim's memo to Carl,

<b>I. PERSON INVOLVED</b> 	<b>II. HER CHALLENGE</b> 	<b>III. ACTION TAKEN</b> 
<p>Rita Lavelle, former official of the Environmental Protection Agency, under federal grand jury indictment for perjury, successful lawyer</p> <p>Mary Cunningham, professional highly paid executive</p> <p>Mary Kay Ash, leader of bouffant-coiffed goon squad of cosmetics salespersons</p> <p>Christie Hefner, president of Playboy Enterprises</p> <p>Jane Fonda, chairman of successful exercise-salon chain</p> <p>Katharine Graham, president of Washington Post Corporation</p> <p>Wendy Reid Crisp, editor of Savvy magazine</p> <p>Gail Sheehy, author of <i>Passages</i> and innumerable magazine pieces</p> <p>Sherry Lansing, movie executive</p> <p>Jessica Savitch, anchorwoman</p>	<p>Wishes to establish day-care center/jazzercise lounge in order to improve the general quality of the workplace.</p> <p>Is seeking an executive-level position that will fully employ the potential of her cousin, the high-school grad.</p> <p>Must acquire five million gallons of petrochemicals, to be shipped immediately, at lower than market prices. These will be used to make more Strawberry Shortcake plates and cups.</p> <p>Must make an important sales presentation to an Israeli export group.</p> <p>Must resolve the conflicts that have developed because she and her man are on a career collision course.</p> <p>Wishes to make a lateral move in a heavily expanding growth industry.</p> <p>Wants to take some money on the side, the way men do.</p> <p>Thinks that all women executives should have more Dictaphone equipment.</p> <p>Fearlessly combats sexist attitudes in personnel and the mailroom.</p> <p>Needs an abortion.</p>	<p>She places a phone call to someone she met at...</p> <p>She sends a messenger with a package to a friend from...</p> <p>She initiates a class-action suit, with the cooperation of...</p> <p>She organizes a petition group, made up of...</p> <p>She has a power lunch with the executive vice-president of...</p> <p>She enrolls in evening classes at the Y with...</p> <p>By bringing cookies to everyone in the office, she creates a supportive environment, furthering the efforts of...</p> <p>She sends a memo to her superiors, with one hundred carbons circulated among the members of...</p> <p>She places everyone on hold while she attempts to contact her support group from...</p> <p>She organizes a teleconference with...</p>

where he completely botched my presentation to J. B. . . .” and on, and on, and on.

Therefore, to do my part for women’s liberation, I’ve made an independent study of ten famous women businesspersons in the Old Girl Network. By randomly choosing an item from each column, you can experience the rich diversity and opportunity formed by this alliance of people, purpose, and panache.

So, happy networking, girls. And don’t forget where you heard it first. ■

#### **IV. NETWORKING ORGANIZATION**

**Representatives of the “Women in U.S. Government Power Broker” Conference.**

**The Jack La Lanne Health Spa.**

**All the other women represented by her divorce lawyer.**

**The National Association of Women Who Aren’t Afraid of Math.**

**The Monthly Luncheon Group of Women Who Have Learned to Eat Only Salad and One Breadstick at Lunch.**

**The current guests on Marilyn Funt’s “Who Am I, Anyway?” talk show.**

**A good woman who became a friend when they both showed up wearing the same Anne Klein suit at the stockholders’ meeting of Gulf & Western.**

**The Women’s Forum for Cooperative Newness Political Action Alliance.**

**The Business Exchange Breakfast Group.**

**Saleen, the Erotic Middle Eastern Dancer, and her band of Executive Tempresses.**

#### **V. RESPONSE**

**Two men are fired to make room for the one woman who can do their job, at half the money either of them made.**

**They start a new business, which is listed the next year in the Savvy 500.**

**They contract to send billions of dollars in defective merchandise to Mother Teresa, because “she’s a significant role model.”**

**She does what her boss tells her to, even though she has ethical problems with it.**

**They successfully organize a new interdepartmental department to monitor the flow of information and communication within interdepartmental departments.**

**She gets out of the box she’s been working in and, with the help of a headhunter, explores the horizons of a vertical move.**

**She puts everything on her expense account.**

**Finally, they find a mentor.**

**She cries a lot, but isn’t afraid to show her co-workers her emotions.**

**She redecorates her office.**

#### **VI. THE FINAL RESULT**

**Nothing tangible, but there’s a new sense of possibilities, and the kind of personal power you can’t buy with money.**

**They all go on the David Susskind show and talk about it.**

**She writes a book about the experience.**

**She goes to law school.**

**She gets fired, and has to network into another position.**

**She gets promoted to Vice-President in Charge of Parking-Space Allocation.**

**Her cousin receives the Dictaphone she deserves.**

**She gets a divorce.**

**She begins to enjoy the new freedom that comes from working out of her own home, although she misses the camaraderie and insurance benefits.**

**They all come to the conclusion that “life is full of trade-offs.”**

# Amnesiac Class Reunion!

BY ED SUBITZKY

THE REUNION IS SCHEDULED TO START AT 8:00 PM SHARP



AT ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK, GUESTS START FILTERING IN

WHERE AM I?  
WHO AM I?  
AM I SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHERE?

WHAT CITY IS THIS?

WHAT STATE IS THIS?

IS THIS MY REUNION?

WHAT'S A REUNION?

DOES ANYBODY KNOW ME?

THEY INTRODUCE THEMSELVES

WHO AM I?

DO YOU KNOW ME?

DO YOU REMEMBER ME?

AM I TOM?

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I LIVE?

DID I EVER WRITE YOU?

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME?

WHAT'S MY NAME?

WERE WE EVER FRIENDS?

WHO AM I?

CAN YOU MAYBE RECOGNIZE ME?

AS AT ALL REUNIONS, THEY START TO REMINISCENCE

WHY, I BET WE TORE THE GOALPOSTS DOWN AFTER SOME BIG FOOTBALL GAME!

REMEMBER THE WILD PARTIES WE PROBABLY HAD?

REMEMBER HOW DRUNK WE MOST LIKELY GOT THAT TIME?

REMEMBER HOW I MIGHT HAVE BEEN EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!

FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE, I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FABULOUS NIGHT OF LOVEMAKING ON THE BEACH!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE DIDN'T SPEND A WILD SPRING WEEKEND TOGETHER!

AND WHAT ABOUT OLD PROFESSOR WHAT'S HIS NAME AND THAT TRICK WE MIGHT HAVE PULLED ON HIM SOMETIME OR OTHER!

A FEW DRINKS AND THOUGHTS TURN MELLOW

YES, QUITE A FEW YEARS HAVE PROBABLY PASSED!

IT SURE HAS MOST LIKELY BEEN SOME TIME NOW!

I LOOK LIKE I MUST BE PUSHING 40!

WE WERE SO YOUNG THEN, WEREN'T WE?

SO YOUNG AND SO FULL OF ENERGY, I THINK!

IT ALL GOES BY IN A FLASH, DOESN'T IT, OR DOES IT?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT WENT BY SO FAST, IF IT DID!

SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD IT ALL TO DO OVER, WHATEVER IT WAS!

WELL, WE CAN'T EVER BE YOUNG AGAIN, IF WE WERE YOUNG!

THEN THOUGHTS TURN TOWARD THE PRESENT AND CATCHING UP

WHAT DO I DO FOR A LIVING?

HOW MANY CHILDREN DO I HAVE, IF ANY?

DO I LIVE IN A HOUSE OR AN APARTMENT?

DID I EVER BECOME A DOCTOR? I THINK I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR!

I THINK I WAS GOING TO BE AN AIRLINE PILOT! DID I SUCCEED?

I MAY HAVE WANTED TO BE A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST! DOES ANYONE KNOW IF I MADE IT?

I VOWED TO BE AN ACTRESS, I THINK! WAS I IN ANY SHOWS?

WAS I EVER MARRIED OR DIVORCED?

I BELIEVE I WANTED TO BE A FILM-MAKER! DID YOU SEE MY NAME ON ANY CREDITS?

ONE OF THEM HAS AN IDEA

EXCELLENT!

LISTEN, SINCE NO ONE REMEMBERS WHAT WE DID, LET'S ASSUME THAT OUR OCCUPATIONS WERE RANDOMLY DISTRIBUTED LIKE ANY GRADUATING CLASS! WE'LL JUST ASSIGN OURSELVES OCCUPATIONS AND THEN HAVE A NICE, NORMAL CLASS REUNION!

BRILLIANT!

GOOD THINKING!

**AN INSTANT LATER, EVERYONE FORGETS THE IDEA**

DIDN'T SOMEONE JUST HAVE AN IDEA?

I THINK SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE JUST HAD AN IDEA!

I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GOOD IDEA!

DOES ANYBODY REMEMBER THE IDEA, IF THERE WAS AN IDEA?

WHOSE IDEA WAS IT, ANYWAY?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MINE, BUT IT MIGHT NOT!

WHAT IDEA?

I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT AN IDEA!

YOU COULDN'T PROVE IT BY ME!

**THE EVENING WEARS ON! MORE DRINKS, AND THEN THE BITTERNESS OF PASSING TIME**

I THINK I HAD DREAMS ONCE, BUT I DOUBT IF ANY OF THEM CAME TRUE!

I SUSPECT I NEVER LIVED THE KIND OF LIFE I WANTED!

LOOK AT ME! STARTING TO GRAY AND WRINKLE, AND I MAY NEVER HAVE FOUND A HUSBAND!

I DOUBT I EVER THOUGHT IT WOULD REALLY COME TO THIS, WHATEVER THIS IS!

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A MUSICIAN! I NEVER IMAGINED MYSELF AS AN INSURANCE AGENT WITH FIVE KIDS AND A MORTGAGE UP TO HERE! WHICH ONE AM I? AM I EITHER?

WE WERE ALL GOING TO GO OUT AND CHANGE THE WORLD, WEREN'T WE? I DON'T IMAGINE WE SUCCEEDED, DID WE?

SOB! I NEVER DID GET THAT NOVEL WRITTEN, DID I? I THINK I WAS GOING TO WRITE A NOVEL!

SO HERE I AM! BALDING, POT BELLED, AND I BET I NEVER EVEN SOLD A SINGLE PAINTING THAT I MAY HAVE WANTED TO SELL!

I DON'T MEAN TO CRY ON YOUR SHOULDER, BUT EVER SINCE MY WIFE MIGHT HAVE LEFT ME, I THINK I MAY HAVE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH!

WANT TO SEE A PICTURE THAT I THINK MIGHT HAVE BEEN ME?

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M ALWAYS SO TIRED LATELY, HAVEN'T I BEEN?

SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD JUST RUN AWAY AND START ALL OVER FRESH SOMEWHERE, DON'T I?

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WOULD ALL BE SO EASY! BUT IT HASN'T TURNED OUT VERY EASY FOR ME, HAS IT?

LORD HELP ME, BUT I HATE THE THOUGHT OF GOING HOME TONIGHT, WHEREVER THAT IS AND WHOEVER'S THERE!

I THINK I'VE EVEN CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE!

**MORE LIQUOR, AND FADING MIDDLE-AGED SEXUALITY BEARS ITS DESPERATE HEAD**

DIDN'T WE ONCE GO OUT TOGETHER? I THINK YOU MIGHT BE MY TYPE!

GOD, I SHOULD HAVE NEVER LET YOU GO, IF I EVER HAD YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!

EASY! I MIGHT BE A MARRIED WOMAN NOW, MAYBE EVEN WITH KIDS!

NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU AGAIN, IF I EVER KNEW YOU, I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO, AT LEAST NOT UNTIL I FORGET YOU IN A FEW SECONDS!

THAT CANOE RIDE WE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE PROPOSED/WHY DIDN'T I SAY YES! DID I SAY YES? ARE WE MARRIED?

I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TIME FOR ME! HOW WE FUMBLING AND LAUGHED, OR DID WE!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED SUCH HAPPINESS WAS POSSIBLE, IF IT WAS!

**AS AT ALL REUNIONS, THINGS TURN INEVITABLY NASTY**

WHY, YOU BASTARD! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO STOLE THE GIRL I MIGHT HAVE HAD!

BIG MAN ON CAMPUS, WERE YOU? WELL, I PROBABLY DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE SUCH HOT SHIT!

YOU USED TO COPY FROM MY EXAMS, AT LEAST YOU MIGHT HAVE, YOU LOUSY POSSIBLE HYPOCRITE!

SO YOU MIGHT HAVE A STRING OF FURNITURE STORES NOW AND I MIGHT SWEEP FLOORS IN A DELI! WELL, DON'T THINK YOU'RE SOME KIND OF BIG SHOT IF THAT IS, IN FACT, THE CASE!

SO I PROBABLY DIDN'T HAVE YOUR LOOKS AND YOU MAY HAVE HAD ALL THE DATES, BUT WHERE ARE YOU NOW!

I DON'T KNOW!

WASN'T THERE ONCE A KIND OF FAT GUY I DIDN'T LIKE? IF SO, I'LL PUNCH HIS ASS TONIGHT!

I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE DIED!

DIED?

YOU MEAN ONE OF US IS DEAD!

WE'RE THAT OLD!

NOT US! NOT OUR OLD GANG! GROWING UP, WORKING FOR A LIVING, DYING!

I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SUCH A NICE GUY, TOO!

DIDN'T HE USED TO GO AROUND SAYING "WE GOTTA LIVE FOR TODAY," OR DID HE NEVER SAY THAT?

WHAT HAPPENED TO US TO ALL THOSE BRIGHT-EYED KIDS WE PROBABLY WERE?

GOD, HOW DID IT ALL GET SO SERIOUS, ASSUMING IT DID!

HE'S REALLY DEAD NOW! WHY, I THINK HE WAS PROBABLY ONCE SO ALIVE!

**THE HOUR IS LATE AND THE CLASSMATES MUSTER BACK THEIR DIGNITY**

YEAH, I GUESS THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES!

DIDN'T I MEET SOME OLD FRIENDS HERE TONIGHT?

I THINK I MET A WOMAN I'D REALLY LOVE TO SEE AGAIN! WHO WAS SHE?

LOOK ME UP SOMETIME, IF YOU EVER FIND OUT WHO I AM!

I'D GIVE YOU MY PHONE NUMBER, IF I KNEW IT!

GOOD LUCK WITH WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING!

YOU TOO! AND IF YOU WERE THE ONE WHO THINKS HE MAY HAVE HAD THE HERNIA OPERATION, BE CAREFUL WITH IT!

I GUESS THIS IS IT UNTIL THE NEXT TIME, IF WE REMEMBER TO HAVE ONE!

TO HAVE WHAT? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?

**THE CLASS REUNION OVER, EVERYONE HEADS BACK INTO THE PRESENT AND TOWARD HOME**

NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

WASN'T THIS MY CLASS REUNION?

WHAT SCHOOL WAS THIS, ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW!

WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GO NOW!

WHO AM I? DID ANYBODY HERE BY ANY CHANCE RECOGNIZE ME?

IS SOMEONE SUPPOSED TO PICK ME UP?

# FOTO FUNNIES

IT'S A STUPID BET.



LOOK, IF YOU THINK IT'S SO DUMB, THEN WHY ARE YOU REFUSING?



IT'S JUST DUMB. I DUNNO.

I BET YOU I CAN TELL.



WELL... OKAY. BUT YOU HAVE TO SHUT YOUR EYES.

I'LL EVEN MIX MY HANDS UP...



OKAY. IT'S THE RIGHT BREAST.

HA! YOU'RE WRONG! I TOLD YOU IT WAS A STUPID BET!

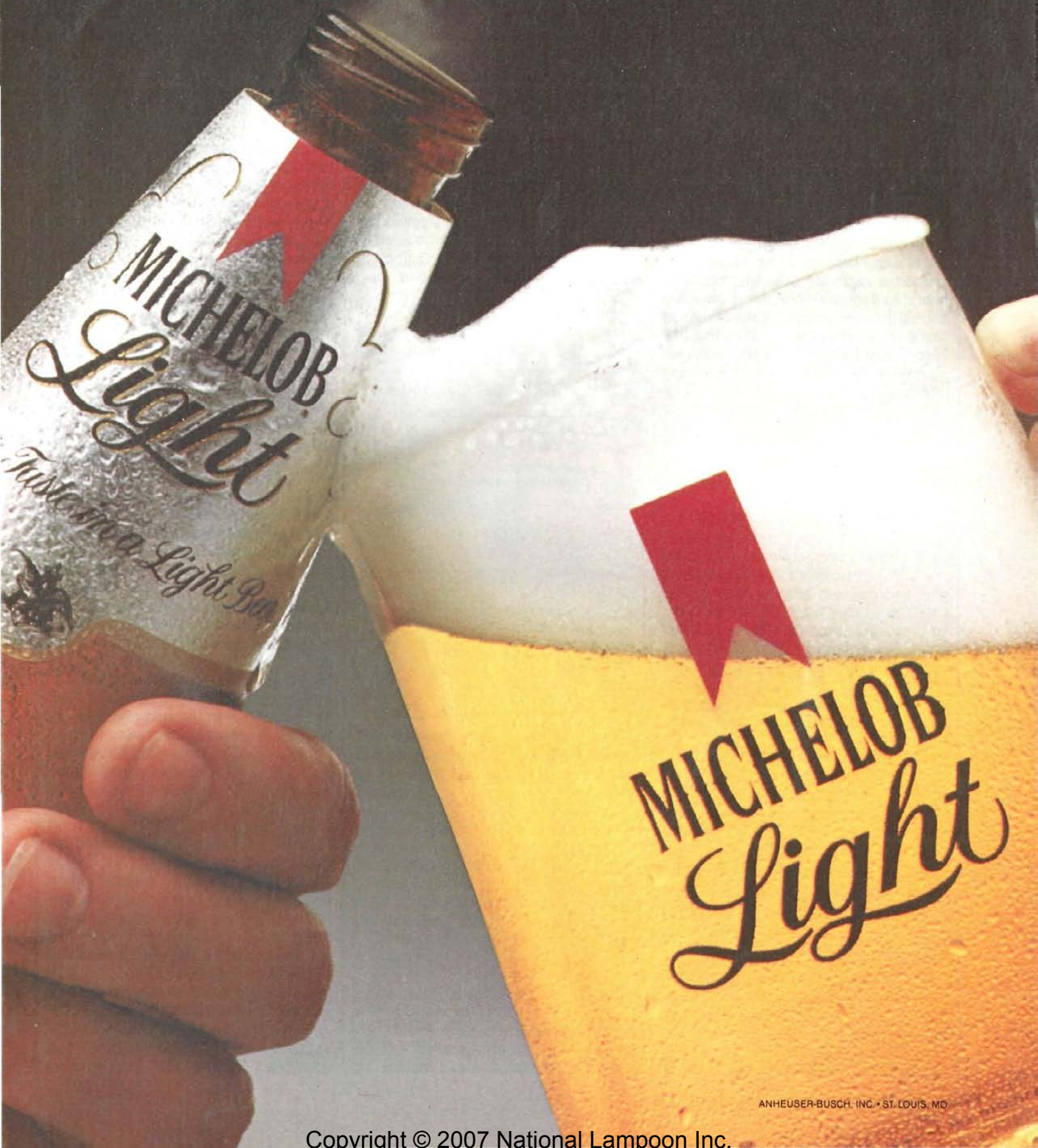


OH WELL.



# Michelob<sup>®</sup> Light for the Winners.

A rich, smooth taste you can compare to any beer you like.



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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

Sirs:

You may like your Dan Rather or your Ted Koppel, but I get all the news I need from Paul Harvey. Why, just the other day I learned that a coyote killed a girl in Nevada, wheat prices have dropped in Kansas, and Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Prendergast of Lincoln, Nebraska, have been married for seventy-one years.

Bob Anson  
East Moline, Ill.

Sirs:

Who says we existentialists are no fun? Sure, the universe may be a meaningless void, but I know I like a good belly laugh just as much as the next guy. And take it from me, you guys don't know what real fun is till you've gone for a long walk in damp clothing or burned a cigarette hole in your forearm! And here's something else you should know: we existentialists got it made with the women. With a line like "Hey, baby, I like the way you make me

feel less alone," I can get 'em between the sheets faster than you can say "Sören Kierkegaard." I figured I should set the record straight just in case you guys were maybe starting to think about making fun of us existentialists instead of Negroes and queers.

A Concerned Existentialist  
Everywhere and nowhere

Sirs:

You used to see our  
Signs everywhere  
But now that we're bankrupt  
You probably don't care.

Burma-Shave  
Corporate Heaven

Sirs:

Do you guys happen to know whether the Koo Stark who's been running around with Prince Andrew is any relation to the Koo Stark who used to hang out at the Lucky Lady Saloon in Bozeman, Montana, a couple of years ago? Just wondering.

A Couple of Guys at  
the Free Clinic  
Bozeman, Mont.

Sirs:

Did you hear the one about the Irish chemist? He invented a pill that turns gasoline into water.

Maggie Thatcher  
Falkland Crest

Sirs:

We here at the National Institute for Oceanographic Research made a startling discovery recently. It seems that the Pacific Ocean's waves were hitting the shore at intervals of 0.72 seconds like clockwork, except between 4:00 A.M. and 4:15 A.M., when there were no waves at all. We checked and rechecked our charts and instruments and couldn't come up with an explanation. So finally we sent an observer to Santa Barbara to check up on the ocean, and he discovered the strangest thing. Between 4:00 and 4:15 every morning, the ocean went out. It took a smoke break, or made personal phone calls, or just stretched its legs along the boardwalk.

Dr. Ralph Jennings  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If I have oral sex with Dracula, would that be considered going down for the count?

Brenda the Weirdo  
Transylvania

Sirs:

Know what I do for fun when I'm touring Hiroshima or Nagasaki? I like to prowling around fire escapes at night with an electronic flash in my hands and peep into apartment windows. Then when I spot an elderly couple that must have lived through World War II I scream "Atomic Bomb!" in Japanese and hit the flashgun. Funny thing is, Japs don't have heart attacks like normal people. They just curl up into a tight little ball in a corner and stay that way for the rest of their lives.

Mike Mansfield  
Ambassador to Japan

Sirs:

The reason that two epileptics can't French-kiss is that they might swallow each other's tongues.

Martin Goldberg, M.D.  
Great Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was reading a list of Pulitzer Prize winners the other day and I noticed that you guys have never won. Are you just natural fuckups or what?

Lou Frazier  
Bluffton, Ind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)







**B**LIND CHARITY WORKER JILL Allen, forty-two, was to be honored by Queen Elizabeth for her eleven-year campaign to have seeing-eye dogs allowed in public buildings. However, on her way to the audience, she was "staggered and upset" when royal officials refused to allow her own guide dog inside Buckingham Palace. *The Australian* (contributed by B. Crowley)

FOR THE JUNE 1983 VISIT OF POPE JOHN Paul II, a hotel in Wroclaw, Poland, printed a special menu in three languages—Polish, German, and English. According to the English translation, restaurant guests were offered the following dishes: "salad, a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; sirloin in clotted cream; a slice of bovine meat; beef rashers beaten up in the country people fashion; ham below the knee pickled and cooked; and roasted duck let loose." Among dessert offerings, the menu suggested "clotted ice cream." *Los Angeles Times News Service* (contributed by Dale Nicholson)

A WELSH ASTRONOMER CLAIMED THAT the Iras-Araki-Alcock comet, which passed near Earth this year, might shower the Northern Hemisphere with deadly microorganisms, causing an epidemic—perhaps even plague. Nevertheless, he urged calm. "I don't want to cause any undue alarm," said the Cardiff University professor, whose name is Dr. Smallpox. *UPI* (contributed by C.A. Brown-Bender)

CLAIMING THEY WANTED TO DRAMATIZE the suffering of America's farmers, two Iowa farmers loaded a manure spreader with underwear and towed it by tractor more than a thousand miles to Washington, D.C. After thirty-five days on the road, Tony Bos and Pete Brent met with Senator Roger Jepsen, who reportedly fell asleep during the meeting. An aide to the Iowa Republican later denied that Jepsen had fallen asleep. "The senator was listen-

ing," he said. "He might have had his eyes closed; some people do that." *Des Moines Register* (contributed by Doug McReynolds)

IN 1976, RODNEY BROWN, THEN SIX years old, was named national poster child by the Cystic Fibrosis Association, and he was photographed with President Gerald Ford. Recently, however, when Rodney learned that he had been misdiagnosed and only suffered from an asthmatic condition, not cystic fibrosis, he told reporters, "I got to see the president for free!" *Watertown (N.Y.) Daily Times* (contributed by Chris Honsky)

A MINNESOTA SCHOOL DISTRICT NOW allows teachers to receive continuing education credits for time spent on strike—one credit for each day off the job. Up to 33 such credits can be ap-

## Cover for Thought

### DARKROOM TECHNIQUES



This magazine cover, an example of darkroom enthusiasm, was submitted by James P. Schwartz, Jr. of Topeka, Kansas.

plied toward the 120 credits needed every five years for recertification.

"I understand that this is a controversial concept," said Ken Stevens of the Mahtomedi, Minnesota, Education Association, "but strikes are a learning experience." *Washington Monthly* (contributed by Steve Johnson)

SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD AND PREGNANT, Aysen Akay of Izmir, Turkey, filed a paternity suit in a Turkish court, then quickly followed it with seventy-five similar suits which clogged the calen-

dars of three separate courts. Claiming that men "were always detaining" her, Aysen explained: "Every man I meet and befriend makes love to me by force."

Turkish authorities consolidated Aysen's seventy-six paternity suits in order to have them considered by a single specially appointed court. *Turkish Daily News* (contributed by Charles N. Barrett)

UNABLE TO RAISE THE \$100,000 NEEDED to erect a bronze statue of hometown hero Jimmy Stewart, a citizens' committee in Indiana, Pennsylvania, settled for a plastic replica of the actor. "The only way people will notice," said committee chairperson Linda Moore, "is if they go up and tap it." *Gainesville (Fla.) Sun* (contributed by Ed McIntyre)

AUSTRALIAN MINISTER OF TOURISM JOHN Brown stunned a Brisbane audience when he referred to Australian koalas as "flea-ridden, stinking, and rotten little things."

"The belief of Americans that they are lovely, cuddly little bears is fairly well exploded when they get here and pick one of the rotten little things up," he said. "They find that it's flea-ridden, it piddles on you, it stinks, and it scratches." *UPI* (contributed by Jimmy Downey)

AUTHORITIES IN SINGAPORE HAVE SET A \$250 fine for restaurants that serve exotic dishes involving live animals. One such restaurant, the Northern Village, offers what it calls the Manchu Emperor's Banquet, which features bear's paws, parrot's tongue, stewed fox, stewed wild boar, stewed ant eater, and sizzling geese legs—prepared by chopping off the legs of live geese as they dance on a burning hot plate. *Times of India* (contributed by Thom Proctor)

A VIRGINIA LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE unanimously approved a bill introduced by Representative George Beard, Republican from Culpeper County, that would bar people from bringing dead bodies into places in Virginia where food and beverages are served. *The (Harrisburg, Va.) Breeze* (contributed by Charles L. Woznak)

ACCORDING TO TESTIMONY IN A London court, Finola Snock conducted an eleven-year hate campaign against her husband, Henk. She once attacked him with a milk bottle and tried to run him over with her car. While he was terminally ill, she stormed into his office, attacked his

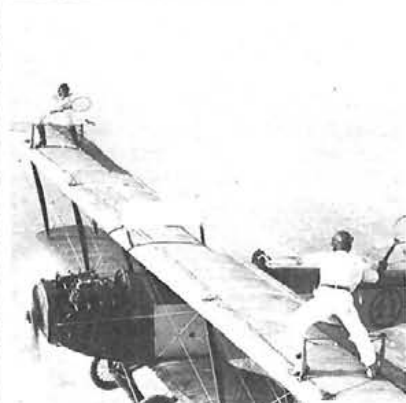
## It's a Living by Bill Moseley



secretary, ripped out his phone, and beat him up. After he had been hospitalized, she barged in and attacked a nurse, a social worker, and her own daughter. Then, when she learned that he had cut her out of his \$68,000 estate, she sued.

A High Court judge found that she was "difficult, egocentric, antimale, and opinionated," but gave her \$8,500 of the estate anyway, adding that he believed there was "every indication" Mrs. Snoek would spend the money irresponsibly. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

ACCORDING TO THE *SYDNEY MORNING Herald*, some Australian public servants were asked to save energy by switching on electric clocks only when they needed to know the time. *Far Eastern Economic Review* (contributed by Lee W. Meister)



NORTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR JAMES B. Hunt intervened in the case of highway patrolman D. C. Whitt, allowing the officer to be paid by his sergeant rather than by direct bank deposit like other department employees. Whitt, a fundamentalist Christian, had claimed that automated bank deposits were "a form of the Antichrist." *Credit Union Newswatch* (contributed by Jeff Tuckfelt)



AFTER COMPLAINTS WERE RECEIVED AT the Miami, Florida, headquarters of the Burger King chain, a local outlet in St. Petersburg was ordered to dismantle a display they had placed in front of their store. The display featured a life-size dummy of Ronald McDonald in a coffin with a wooden stake in his heart under a sign that read "They got me in the McRibbs." *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

MARTY MANNS OF CLEARWATER, FLORIDA, may sue the city for damages to his garage door caused by firemen who broke in to rescue him from automobile-exhaust fumes. Alerted by neighbors, the firemen found Manns asleep behind the wheel of his car with the motor running. Manns objected to the rescue, explaining that it was safe to sit in a car with a running motor as long as the tank was filled with unleaded gas. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by Craig Williams)



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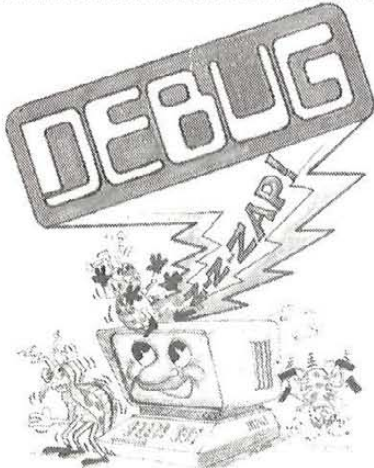


John Schenk, McKinleyville, Calif.



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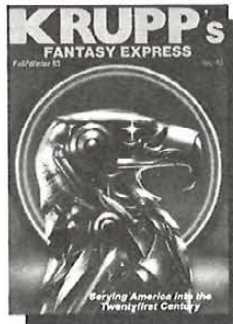


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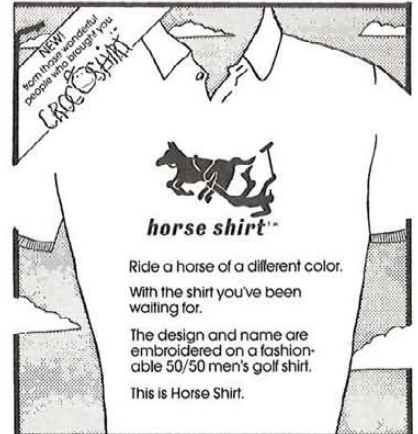
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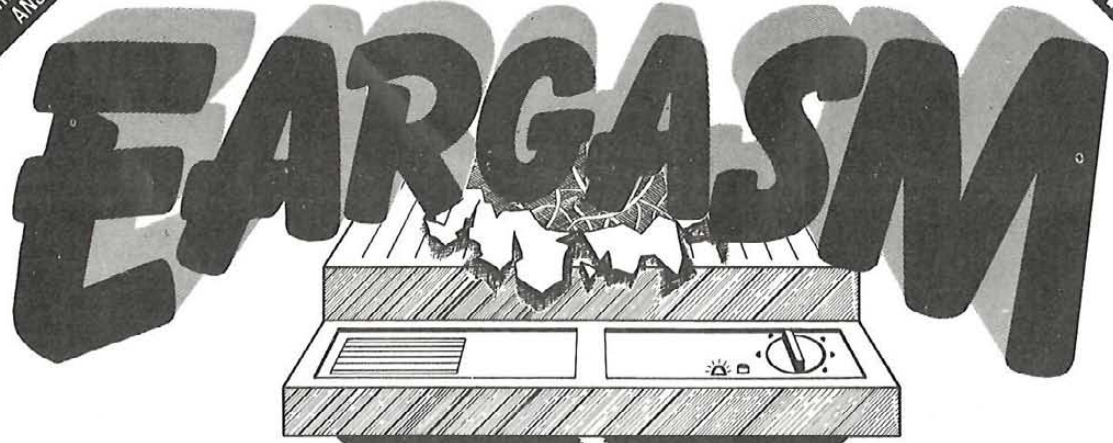
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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

Sirs:

I always wanted to be a groupie, but I noticed there was a lot of competition for rock stars and football players, so I chose a different path. I am a groupie of restaurant critics. These unfortunate souls, unrecognized and unappreciated, are extraordinarily responsive to my overtures, and you'd be amazed at how many free meals I've been able to cadge.

Barbara Bryant  
Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

I may not be the fastest typist in the world, or take the most accurate shorthand either, but I do happen to be the world's only underwater secretary. Are you interested in hiring me? I supply my own water tank and hoses, my own underwater typewriter, waterproof paper, and underwater Dictaphone. I'd stay in your office all the time, so I'd never be late for work, I don't hang around the watercooler, and I never

smoke. As my employers, all you would have to do is change the gravel at the bottom of my tank every month or so, sprinkle a little Hartz Mountain fish food into the water now and then, and keep the glass free of algae. Oh, and if you could put some of those ceramic frogs and little plaster castles in my tank, I'd be as happy as, well, as a clam, if you know what I mean.

Martha the Fish  
Goldman's Pet Shop, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm so glad that it's chic to like me now, even for white people. Believe me, being castrated as a child was a small price to pay for such success.

Michael Jackson  
Motown

Sirs:

Do you know where I can get the Monarch Notes to *Green Eggs and Ham* and *The Little Engine That Could*? I have a big test on both books next week. Thanks.

Johnny Murcer  
Mrs. Henry's second grade

Sirs:

I said the meek would inherit the earth. What I didn't mention was the insurmountable inheritance tax. That should make them whine.

God  
Heaven

Sirs:

Would you please get this one thing straight? Our company is the one that makes Aim toothpaste. We are not, and never have been, the American Indian Movement, A.I.M.! And it's "Take Aim Against Cavities," not against "Cavalries," so all you FBI agents can go home and let us get back to our business, which is making toothpaste, okay?

Bernie Gelber  
Aim Toothpaste Company

Sirs:

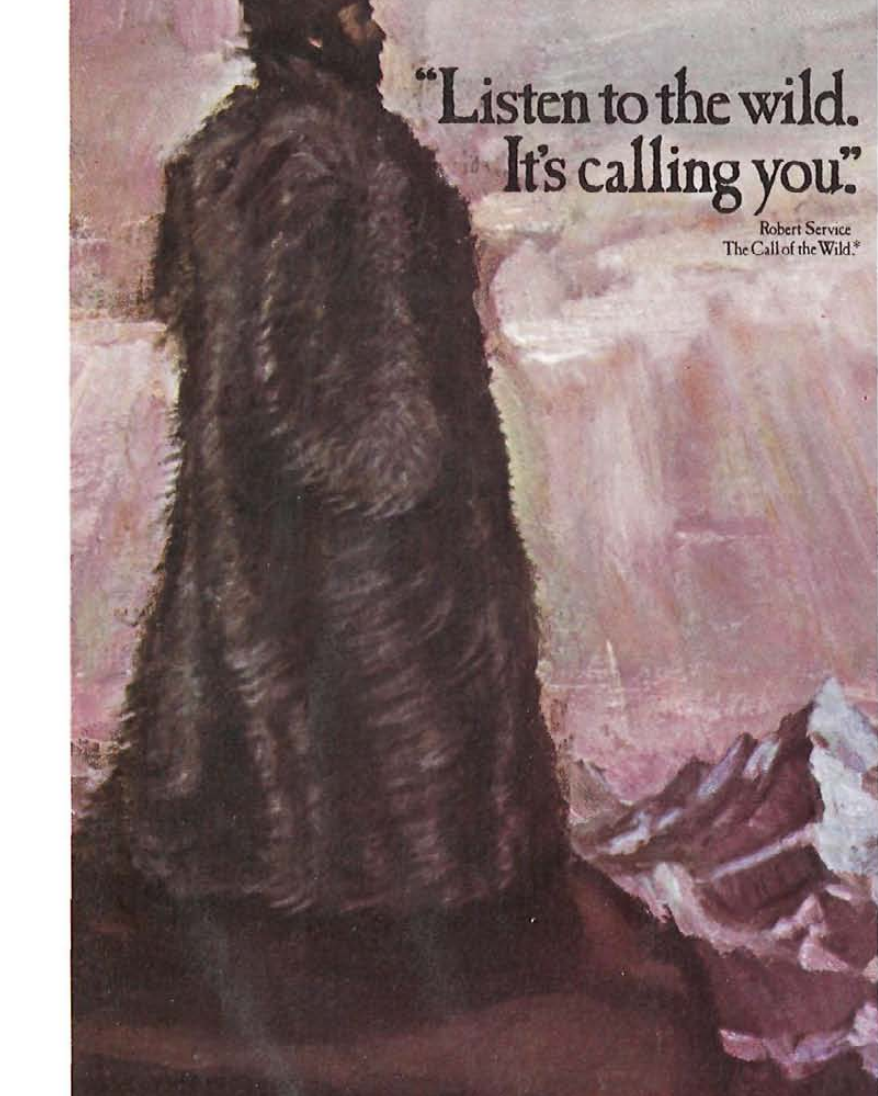
We're really sorry that we must pick up the garbage every day below your apartment bedroom window at 7 A.M. We just can't get there any earlier.

The Garbagemen  
Making a racket

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

## ACQUAINTANCES OF THE SUSPECT.





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Sirs:

My Barney lies over the ocean,  
My Barney lies over the sea,  
My Barney is lying in limbo,  
'Cause he lived artificially....

Dr. Willie DeVries  
*Unnatural, Ill.*

Sirs:

Every once in a while I leave a window open and the cat jumps on the sill to watch the pigeons. It makes me nervous as heck because I'm afraid he might trip or lose his balance and I live on the thirteenth floor. Yesterday he was out on the sill for thirty minutes, so I got up and pushed him off. Cat hasn't given me a worry since.

Rufus Hedgewick  
*Manhattan, N.Y.*

Sirs:

The parole board said they'd think about letting me out if I could make up a funny joke because crazy people aren't capable of making up jokes, so I sat down and wrote this: These people go to a house looking for the *truth*. They go to each room in a little pack looking for the *truth*. They don't find nothing and just then a pig comes waddling into the house and they ask the pig, "Hey, man, we're looking for *it*, man, do you know where *it* is?" And the pig takes a look at them and says, "Third door on the left." Get it? I went down to the library to get a book of poems and the guard who'd seen me break the record player *by accident* took me into the corridor and slammed me against a concrete wall and broke my cheekbone. I could've had a fucking brain hemorrhage.

Charlie Manson  
*Enormously high-security  
prison*

Sirs:

I suppose a nationwide contraception program for Jews would be known as "B'nai B'rith Control!"

H. Brownstein  
*Versailles, Ohio*

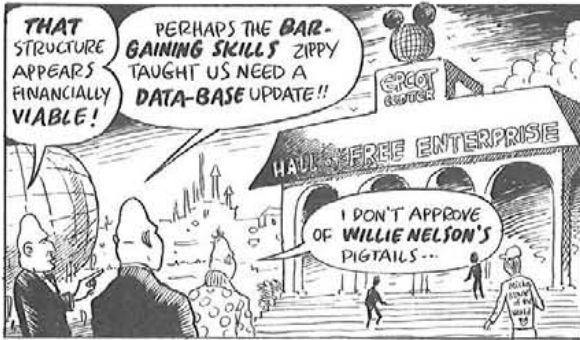
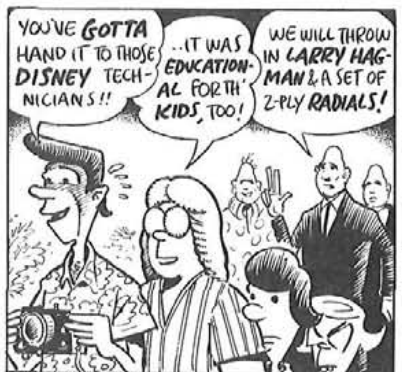
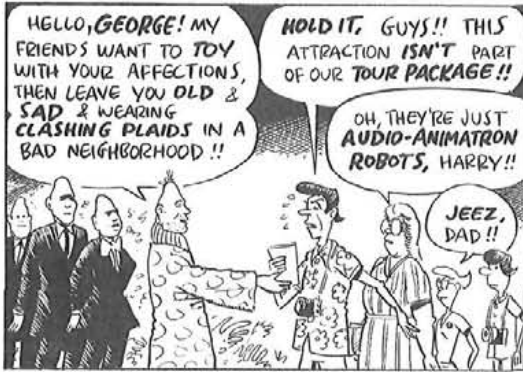
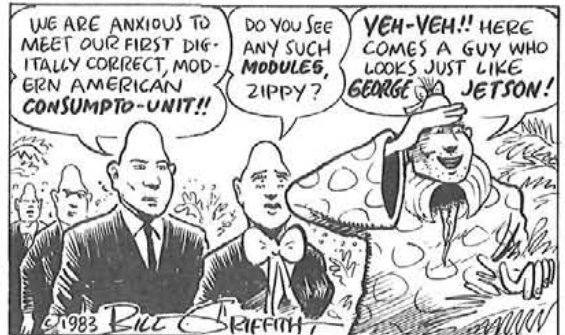
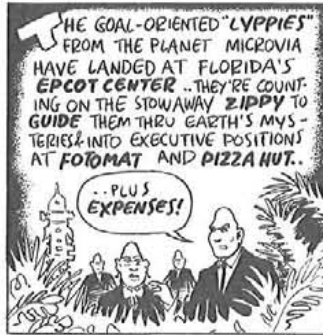
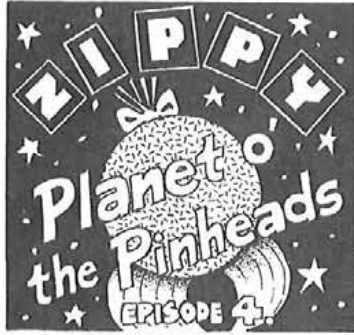
Sirs:

Well, after long thought and a couple of quarts of sour mash, I decided to write and tell you city slickers about the latest mountain Halloween fads. Seems the show-biz-minded young folks like to trot up and yell, "Trick or Treat Williams!" Reminds me of the time we had the Haunted Whorehouse, and "Trick or Treat" meant the same thing. Also I can't find my socks. Oh, thanks.

Bill Loxie  
*Boxcar, Tex.*

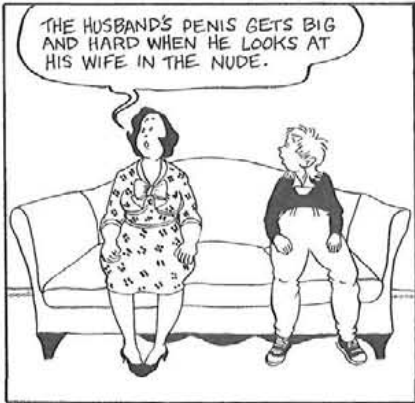
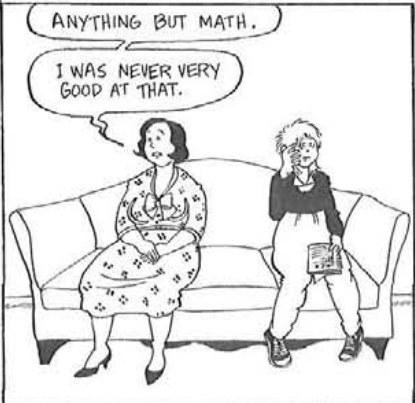


# FUNNY PAGES



CONTINUED NEXT MEETING!

# Trots and Bonnie

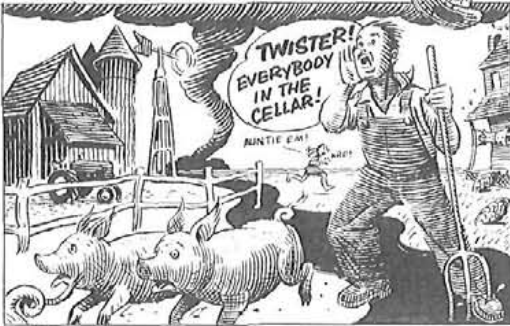


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# Politenessman

YOU CAN PUT YOUR ELBOWS ON THE TABLE IF YOU PLEASE... JUST AS LONG AS THEY'RE MACARONI AND SERVED WITH CHEESE!

A VIOLENT STORM SLASHES A PATH OF UNTIDINESS ACROSS OUR NATION'S BREADBASKET!

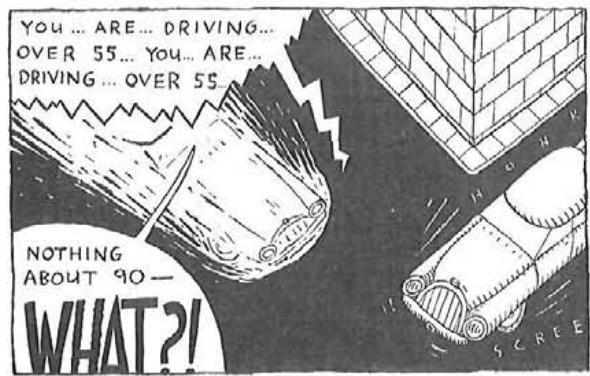
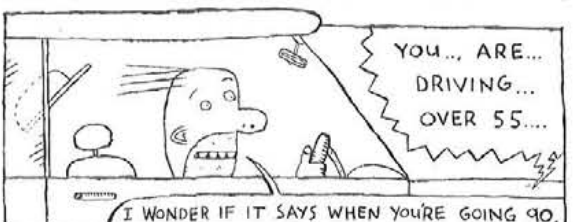
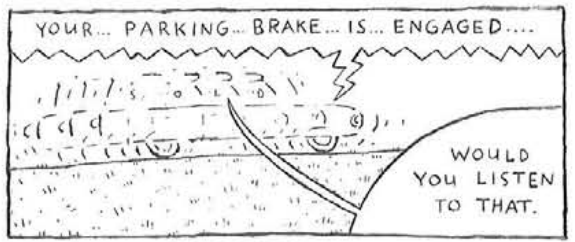
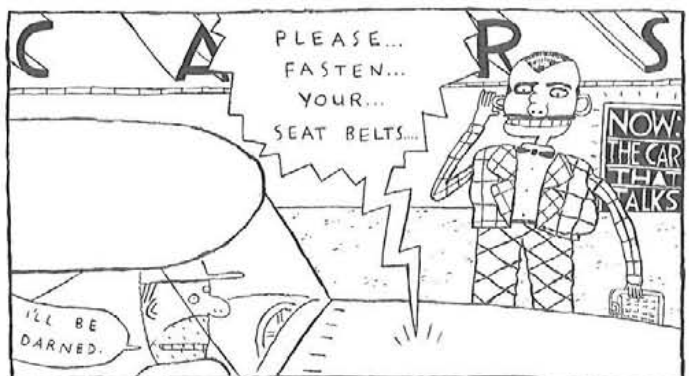


NOW PUT ON YER HARDHATS. WE GOT TO PERFECT OURSELVES FROM DEBRIS.



## POPULAR PROBLEMS

© 1983 RON HAUGE



# RAY and JOE - THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

**THE STORY:**  
**FEELING THAT HIS DEAD FRIEND JOE LOOKED MUCH TOO "DEAD," RAY BROUGHT HIM TO MR. CALABRESE, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR, WHO "WORKED OVER" JOE'S FACE AND ADDED A PIPE, THUS GIVING HIM MORE OF A "LIVE" COUNTENANCE AND LESS THE LOOK OF A CORPSE...**

NOW THAT MR. CALABRESE MADE YOUR FACE "ALIVE" "LOOKIN'," JOE, WE CAN GO OUT WITHOUT PEOPLE STARIN' AT US AND ASKIN' ALL KINDS OF QUESTIONS...



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

HELLO! MY NAME IS PINCUS-LEO PINCUS, AND I HEARD ABOUT YOU AND YOUR DEAD FRIEND. I'M INTERESTED IN HAVING A SIMILAR ARRANGEMENT.



OH! COME ON IN!

YOU SEE, I HAVE A FRIEND THAT ... WELL... I'M ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH-



OH! I GET IT. LOOK- THEY GOT THIS ORGANIZATION IN SAN FRANCISCO CALLED THE GAY DEAD ALLIANCE. THEY EVEN SENT ME A PAMPHLET- I'LL GET IT FOR YOU-



OH, NO! YOU MISUNDERSTAND, I'M NOT A HOMOSEXUAL- MY FRIEND IS A WOMAN!



OH! SAY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, CAUSE I AIN'T ONE EITHER. COURSE, PEOPLE TALK, YOU KNOW, JOE AND ME LIVIN' TOGETHER AND ALL...

... ANYWAY, I'VE HAD THIS LADY FRIEND, MARY, FOR 12 YEARS, AND YOU KNOW WHAT I PLAN TO DO? I'M GOING TO PUT AN APRON ON HER, STAND HER IN THE KITCHEN, AND THEN I'LL SIT IN MY RECLINER IN THE LIVING ROOM, READ MY PAPER, AND CHAT WITH HER- YOU CHAT WITH YOUR DEAD FRIEND, DON'T YOU?



I SURE DO! I TALK TO JOE LIKE HE'S ALIVE, AND YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELIN' THAT HE CAN HEAR ME...

YOUR LADY FRIEND, WHEN DID SHE DIE?



OH, SHE'S NOT DEAD YET- SHE'S ALMOST DEAD. SAY, COULD I USE YOUR PHONE?

SURE, RIGHT OVER THERE.

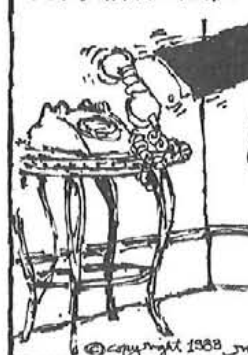
HELLO, OAKMONT HOSPITAL? CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME THE CONDITION OF MARY FLOOD?



WHAT!?! SAY THAT AGAIN? ARE YOU SURE? OH, NO! OH, MARY, MARY, MARY!!!



SHE'S DEAD, BUT NOW ALL MY PLANS ARE SHOT TO HELL! HER DYING WORDS WERE "TAKE MY BODY BACK TO WHERE I WAS BORN AND BURY ME THERE."



WHERE WAS SHE BORN?

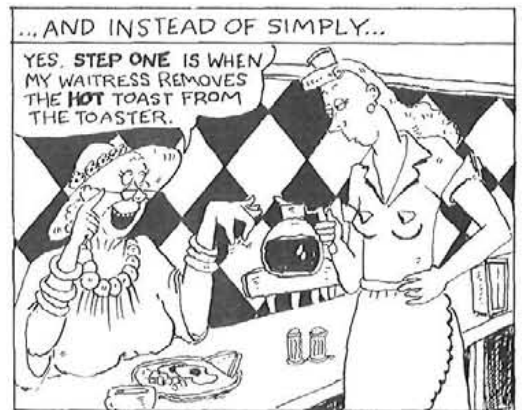
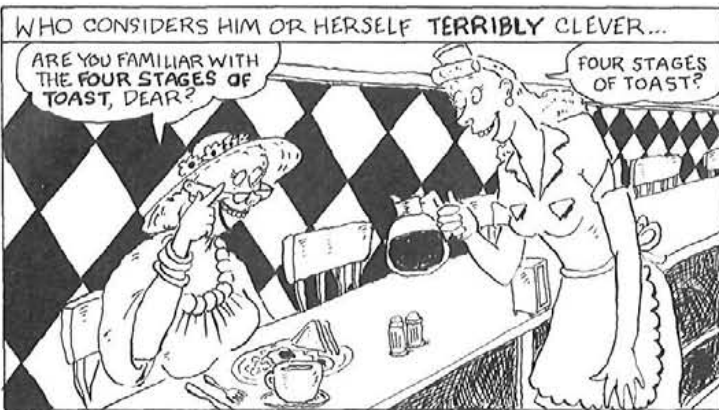
NEWARK...

NEWARK!?! YECCCKHHH!!!



CONTINUED

Mimi Pond's  
**Famous Waitress**  
 SCHOOL  
 TODAY'S LESSON  
**Straight Talk**  
 Mimi Pond  
 © 1983



**RICK GEARY**  
© 1983

THIS MONTH:  
A LITTLE  
SHOPLIFTING



THIS IS MY METHOD: WEAR LARGE CLOTHING.



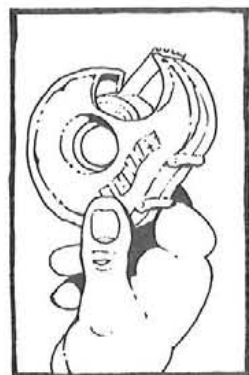
INCLUDING, WHEN NECESSARY, A FABRICATED "BELLY"



CHOOSE AN ESTABLISHMENT, NEEDLESS TO SAY, FAR FROM HOME.



THOUSANDS OF ITEMS TO SELECT FROM (AND SECURITY IS PRACTICALLY NIL)



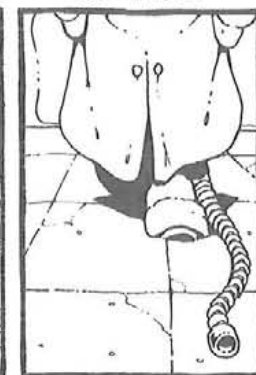
START OFF WITH SOMETHING INCONSPICUOUS, LIKE THIS ROLL OF CELLOPHANE TAPE.



AND, IF YOU WISH, MOVE UP TO LARGER PIECES (A CHANCE TO USE THE "BELLY")



DON'T BE GREEDY. (THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL.)



DEPART SLOWLY AND NONCHALANTLY, PERHAPS HUMMING A POPULAR MELODY.



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WAY I'VE FURNISHED MY HOME?

**Aunt Mary's KITCHEN**

M-K-BROWN © 1983



NEXT MONTH: CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Mr. Marek

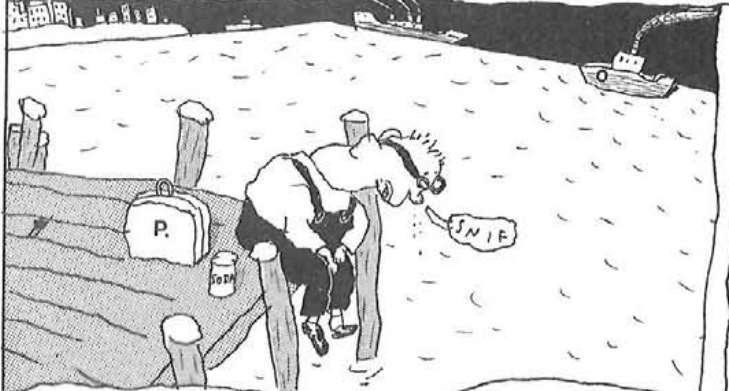
# NEW WAVE COMICS

© 1983

(X)

PIMLEY, YOU'RE FIRED

A PORTRAIT OF GLOOM and DISGRACE...



PIMLEY BECAME a CITIZEN OF THE ROAD

DAY AFTER DAY HE WENT LOOKING FOR WORK, and NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE SLEPT IN ALLEYS

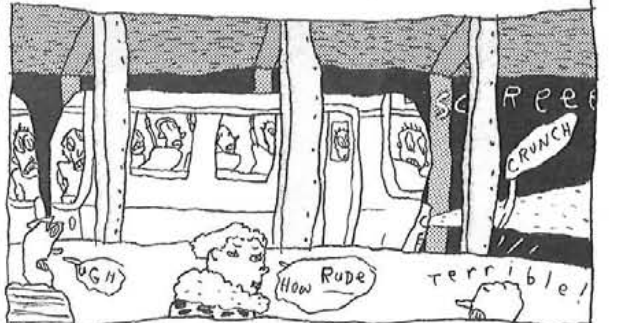
FINALLY PIMLEY GOT A MUNICIPAL JOB GUARDING A FIRE HYDRANT at 17th AND HUDSON, BUT...  
KIND OF LIKE JAMES DEAN



IN ONLY TWO DAYS THE HYDRANT WAS STOLEN

INEVITABLY PIMLEY FELL IN WITH ONE OF THE LOCAL GANGS

AND IT DID



OBSVIOUSLY THIS STORY COULD EASILY END UP IN TRAGEDY

DRUG-CRAZED AND DESPERATE, PIMLEY LUNGED IN FRONT OF AN ON-COMING "D" TRAIN THINKING HE COULD GET DISABILITY COMPENSATION FROM THE GOVERNMENT

# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family

HELEN  
NORM  
KATHY  
BOBBY

by B.K. Taylor © 1983  
SPECIAL THANKS TO SAM WHITEHEAD

A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON FINDS MR. APPLETON BUSY SPRUCING UP THE HOUSE WITH A LITTLE PAINT. LET'S LOOK IN, SHALL WE?

...AND HERE'S JOHN DAVIDSON DOING HIS RENDITION OF A ROLLING STONES HIT... IF YOU START ME UP - IF YOU START ME UP, I NEVER STOP ... OH OH OH...

I LOVE JOHN DAVIDSON. ♪ HMMM...

SUDDENLY A PASSING NEIGHBOR NOTICES MR. APPLETON.

HEY, NORMY BABY!

THE MRS. HAS YA WORKIN', HUH? HA HA!

THE UNINVITED GUEST BACKS HIS AUTO INTO THE APPLETON DRIVEWAY.

SCREEECH

SINCE HE'S NOT ONE OF HIS FAVORITE NEIGHBORS, NORM ATTEMPTS TO IGNORE HIM, BUT...

HEY, NORMY, WATCH OUT! HERE COME THE FLYING SCREW BUGS! ♪ POP ♪

FUNNY, HUH? GET IT? SCREW BUGS?

SAY, NORM, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE INNER CITY TO HAVE SOME FUN! WANNA COME? HUH? HUH?

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN, NORMY? WHAT, THE WIVES DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT 'EM. THERE'S SOME WILD WOMEN DOWN THERE!

NO, I'LL PASS ON THIS ONE, THANKS!

ALL RIGHT, MR. GOODY TWO SHOES - SUIT YOURSELF. SAY, CAN I USE YOUR JOHN BEFORE I GO?

SURE, AL, HELP YOURSELF.

MOMENTS LATER

OKAY, PAL, SURE YOU DON'T WANNA COME?

REAL SURE.

NOW DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T DO - AND IF YOU DO, NAME IT AFTER ME! AH HA HUK!

SEND THE NEGROES BACK TO AFRICA!

SCREEECH!

I KNOW IT WAS A MEAN THING TO DO, BUT GOD DOESN'T LIKE ADULTERERS, SO DO YOUR PART TO "KEEP AMERICA CLEAN"



# ARE YOU A CLOSET VEGETARIAN?

Take this  
quiz and  
find out!



- YES NO** 1. Are you looking for greener pastures?
- YES NO** 2. Do you brake for animals?
- YES NO** 3. Are you lusting after your neighbor's fresh vegetable garden?
- YES NO** 4. Have you discovered that preservatives won't preserve you?
- YES NO** 5. Has your subscription to Meat Eaters Digest expired (and you haven't renewed it)?
- YES NO** 6. Do you find that you have cravings for fresh fruits and vegetables rather than junk foods?
- YES NO** 7. Do you find yourself clucking at the price of meat when you shop in a supermarket?
- YES NO** 8. Do the recent reports of chemicals, pesticides and growth stimulants fed to livestock make you cringe?

## How to score:

5-8 Yes answers: You're out of the closet and should be reading VEGETARIAN TIMES on a regular basis.

4 or fewer Yes answers: You're a closet veggie, but we can help.

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?  
CONTEST  
26

## What Meal Should We Serve Christopher Cross When He Comes to Visit?



"Christopher Cross, you're such an incredible genius and all-around great guy, so incredibly inspired music-, lyrics-, and human-being-wise, that we feel we must do something really special for you."

"Gee, guys, you shouldn't."

"But we must. We feel that any fat boy who must have been raised on massive Ryder trucksful of ribs and corn muffins, capable of writing words like 'When you're between the moon and New York City,' and 'Sailing, sailing away' is no ordinary fat boy and puts us to such shame that we have to scurry around like art-school graduates scurrying to find a job sizing photos to find an appropriate way of showing our adulation. And the best way we can show an overweight deity like yourself our humble appreciation is to serve you a special meal selected at random from our readers for the occasion."

"But I..."

"Don't thank us now. You'll have plenty of time to write a formal thank-you note at your new residence inside one of our prestigious cigarette-butt-and flip-top-filled filing cabinets while we await the results of the contest and bang on the sides of the cabinet with bottles and cookware."

### HEY, FUNSTERS!



OUR LATEST PRIZE IS THE CASIO PT-30. A THIRTY-one-note mini-keyboard instrument with built-in rhythms, chords, eight instrument sounds, a memory to play it all back, and a display window to show you what's being played. You can even store your tunes in a separate cassette recorder with this baby, so enter early and often!



**1 All the canned goods in the Southwest**



**2 An all-you-can-eat buffet**



**3 A whole cow and another if he asks**



**4 Linda Evans's pool table**



**5 All Hollywood actors who won't have a special this year**



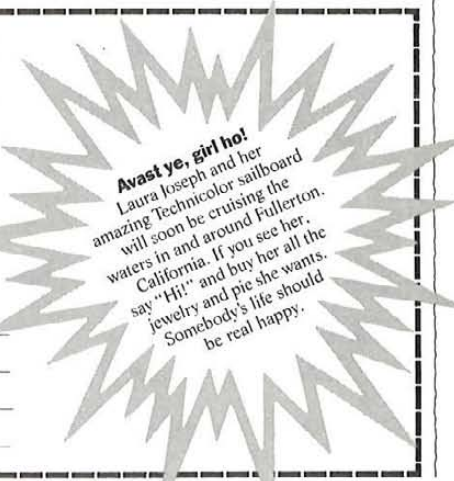
**6 All the large-eyed Bennington sophomore poetry majors**

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LIKES or even why he's alive, but I know he'll like this. This meal, that is (circle one):

**1 2 3 4 5 6**

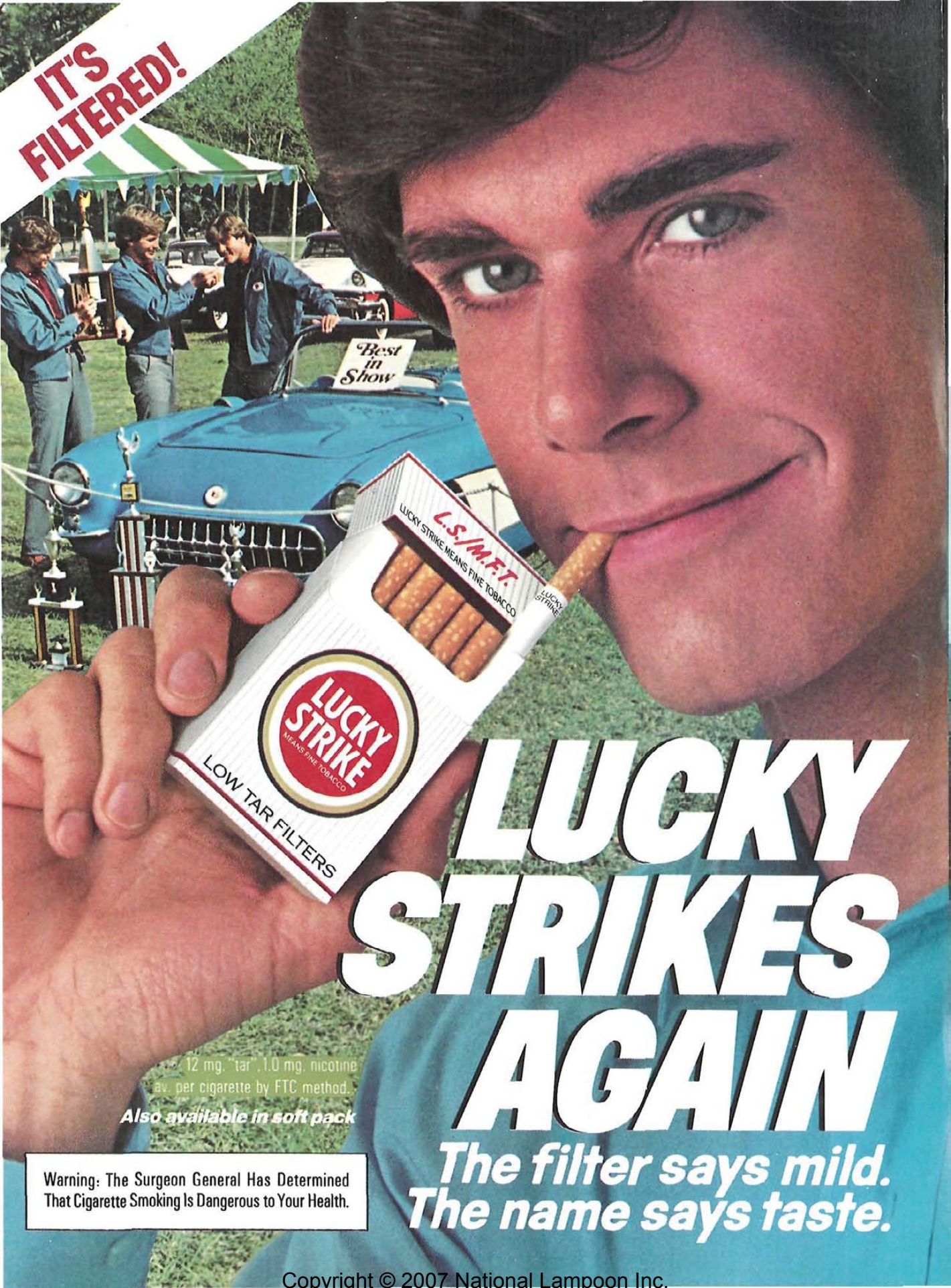
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**Avast ye, girl ho!**  
 Laura Joseph and her amazing Technicolor sailboard will soon be cruising the waters in and around Fullerton, California. If you see her, say "Hi!" and buy her all the jewelry and pie she wants. Somebody's life should be real happy.

**IT'S  
FILTERED!**



# LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
*Also available in soft pack*

*The filter says mild.  
The name says taste.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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to sound that goes beyond ordinary stereo.  
And behind it, in front of it, and around it.  
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